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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

That very evening my poor aunt complained of a bad headache, to which she was by no means subject. The usual simple remedies were applied, but without success. All the night, she kept moaning and turning from side to side, and as soon as my father saw her in the morning, he went off himself for the family doctor. The good old gentleman was indeed like one of the family, having been some twenty years prescribing for its members, young and old, big and little. When he looked at my aunt he shook his head, whereat she was alarmed and asked if he thought there was any danger.

"Why, not exactly danger, my dear Miss Preston, but there's nothing like taking things in time. *A stitch in time*, you know, *saves nine*. Please to hand me a basin, Miss Elinor, and an old ribbon!"

"Why, surely, doctor, you're not going to bleed me—why, I *never* was bled!"

"The more reason why you must be bled now. I suppose its a bad love-fit we have, Miss Preston, and there's nothing better for that than to draw a little blood. It cools the system, you see. Thank you, Miss Elinor!—take care of this love, my dear!—its a terrible thing indeed, very! There now, Miss Preston—hold out your arm! Preston, my dear fellow! hold this basin, will you? Young ladies, go into the next room a minute—we'll call you when we want you. Don't look so frightened, Carry, my pet! I'm not going to kill your aunt! I'm not indeed!—When Tom the Great failed to finish her—though between him and his leader they *did* make a murderous attack on her nerves; but when they failed, an old fogie like myself needn't try. Go along now like good girls!—now, Miss Preston, senior—ahem—ahem!—Miss Kate Preston, let us see what a soldier you'll be. Keep still for one moment, and that's all we'll ask!——"

"One moment, doctor!" said my aunt, "just one moment, if you please!—I fear there's no use in bleeding or any thing else—Jenny, the housemaid, saw my fetch after dark last night!"

"And what if she did?"

"And we have had sheets on the candles every night this month past."

"Come, come, now! Miss Preston, I'll hear no more of this nonsense—I hope to dance at your wedding yet, so in order that I mayn't be disappointed, hold out your arm, I command you!"

When Carry and I were summoned back into the room, we found my aunt as pale as a ghost with her arm tightly bandaged, and the doctor preparing a sedative at a table near the window.

"What's your opinion, doctor," said my father, as he accompanied the doctor down stairs.

"Not the shadow of a chance, my dear sir. At least, I fear so. She has a complication of disorders which can hardly fail at her time of life to prove fatal. Still we must try to keep up her spirits—she *may* linger for some weeks to come."

"And that's all?"

"All! my good friend!—all we can expect. Good morning! But that's true,—did you hear that the meeting at Clontarf was prevented by a proclamation?"

"No, indeed! I've heard nothing—haven't seen a paper to-day yet. But is that a fact?"

"Fact, my dear sir! a positive fact! Here's the *Nation*," taking it from his pocket. "Good-bye! good-bye! I have an urgent case in Fitzwilliam square!"

Just two weeks from that day, my poor aunt was carried to Glassnevin Cemetery, and laid beside my mother. During her illness a remarkable change had taken place in her habits of thought. The ruling passion was *not* (in her) strong in death. Her pride of ancestry was no longer the same, and even the glory of that idolized progenitor who figured in the grand Catholic Confederation of 1641, had waxed dim and hazy in the far regions of memory—albeit that it was wont to stand in the foreground of my poor aunt's mind, full in the light of her vivid imagination. For several days we had carefully avoided any allusions to the possibility of her approaching death, believing her in blissful ignorance of her danger. But such was not the case. In the deep stillness of one dreary night, when she opened her eyes after a heavy slumber and saw my father dozing in a neighboring *fauteuil*, he had pertinaciously insisted on "sitting up" that particular night with me, while the nurse slept—she beckoned me to approach and said in her hollow, husky voice:

"You shouldn't have let your father sit up, my dear—poor Harry! he has his business to attend to to-morrow. Didn't I hear him telling the doctor this evening that the place at the Curragh was to be sold off some of these days?"

"I—I think so, aunt—but don't—pray don't—fret about such things."

My aunt smiled sadly. "No, no, my dear! I'm beyond fretting now. Time was when I'd have worn myself off my feet about such a thing, but I have other matters to think of now. I'm going fast, my dear!"

"Where to, Kate?" cried my father, waking up with a start.

"To the other world, Harry," my aunt replied with solemn earnestness.

"Nonsense, Kate! don't talk so wildly—you're worth two gone people yet."

My aunt shook her head. "It's truth I tell you, Harry—like it or not. Now listen to me, both of you. You know that miniature of my father, set with jewels—Elinor, my child! *you* know the little drawer where it is, in my bureau?"

"Yes, aunt——"

"But, what on earth do you mean, Kate," exclaimed my father.

"I'll tell you that. You take it to-morrow to some respectable jeweller—mind I say respectable, so that he'll not cheat you—and get the setting taken off."

"And what for, pray?"

"Why, I want you to have a decent month's mind—as many priests as you can get together—and you must make each of them a handsome offering."

My father cleared his voice before he ventured to ask: "Do you think I'd have neglected that Kate? Or do you suppose I can't afford it without defacing a *Preston* relic? Why, only think,"—he endeavored to disguise his real feelings beneath an apppearance of levity,—"such an insult offered to the family would be quite enough to make every soul of them start from their graves. What! sell the jewels off a Preston's portrait—and that Preston our own father! Are you in your senses, Kate?"

"I am, Harry, perfectly sane, I assure you. It is now that I *am* in my senses. Within sight of the gates of death, all worldly distinctions fade away and are no more seen. Standing before the judgment-seat, what is a Preston more than any one else?" She paused, raised her eyes to heaven, and her lips moved as in inward prayer. My father and I were both awed by the solemnity of her tone, and the sudden change effected in her mind. Neither of us could utter a word. My aunt went on: "Faith, not family, will avail before God, and good works He will demand from us, not honors or titles. Brother, and you, my precious Elinor! I have scandalized you, it may be, by my foolish pride of family, and many a cut I have given to her who is now, I trust, in the glory of heaven,—for all that, I ask your pardon, and hope you'll remember me in your prayers—indeed, my heart was never hard or cruel, though I did sometimes act as if it was. May the Lord forgive me my sins!"

By this time we were both in tears, my father covering his face with his hands, and weeping like a very child. My aunt endeavored to console us with many kind words, but firmly insisted on having my father's promise to dispose of the setting of the miniature next day according to her desire. The promise was reluctantly given.

"And now, Elinor," said my aunt, turning with a pleased smile to me, "you must take the world on your shoulders when I'm gone. You're very young, my child, to be tied down to the care of a house, but you must do your duty—there's no one else for it."

My answer was prevented by the entrance of the nurse, and my father soon after left the room. That was our last conversation with poor Aunt Kate. In the course of the following day she became delirious, and so continued until within a few hours of her death, when she had barely strength to take leave of us all. One of her last acts was to have all the servants brought into the room, and, although she could hardly speak, she held out her hand to each, and requested them one and all to pray for her.

"I ask your pardon," she said, or rather tried to say, "if I ever hurted your feelings in any way."

A chorus of lamentation was the answer. "Oh! oh! oh! Miss Preston, dear, sure you never did—God knows you were always good and kind to us—barrin' the bit of pride, an' sure that was only natural."

"May the Lord receive you in glory, Miss!" sobbed Larry the groom, "sure it's lonesome we'll be without you. An' that's jist what I was sayin' to your old favorite brown Paudeen abroad this mornin'. 'Paudeen,' says I to him, 'the ould mistress—Lord bless me! what am I sayin' at all—the mistress—Miss Kate, I mane—is goin' to leave us—you'll have nobody now, Paudeen,' says I, 'except poor Larry Monaghan to praise your fine paces. Ah then, Miss dear!"—he was suddenly interrupted by my father, who placing his hand on his mouth, pointed towards the door. My aunt had swooned away, and we all thought her dead. We could hear the other servants administering verbal correction to poor Larry in subdued whispers as they descended the back stairs, but we were all too desolate at the moment to relish or even notice anything ludicrous.

My aunt was not dead, but she died that evening, and her death was, as it were, a renewal of our still greater loss. No one ever dreamed that poor Aunt Kate would be so missed as she somehow was. The very eccentricities, or, as it were, singularities of her character, which had, in life, knocked against everyone, were now only remembered as so many agreeable traits in disposition otherwise warm and genial, and everybody seemed tacitly to acknowledge that the good old lady was all the more loveable for her quaint, old-fashioned ways, and little harmless foibles. Peace be to her!—she was herself most exemplary in her charitable remembrance of the dead, and many a fervent prayer was there offered up for herself when it came to her turn to disappear from mortal eye. During the three nights of the wake, the house was crowded with friends and well-wishers of almost every class. Upstairs, my father and George presided over the hospitable arrangements, aided by Maria Delany and one or two other friends of the family, while the world below, consisting of former servants, male and female, the various tradesmen and working-people, together with beggars not a few, were duly entertained by Larry and his wife Nancy, who had been our cook for more years than she cared to own, now that she found herself in the decline of life. The Rosary was said both above and below about the middle of each night, and it was a thing to be remembered, the sudden cessation of laugh and jest and all the varied sounds of promiscuous conversation, followed instantly by the deep, full, measured tones of those who answered the Rosary. Above and below, the whole house was simultaneously filled with the voice of prayer—prayer offered up to the throne of grace on behalf of her who slept so tranquilly on her snowy couch, looking fairer and much younger than we had had seen her for years and years.

"By the hokey," said Larry, when the long prayers being ended he rose and rubbed his stiffened knees, "by the hokey, Nancy, we're all in need of a drop after that. It was as much as ever myself could do to keep my eyes open. Sure enough there's a temptation on people when they're at their prayers. I think the ould gentleman below puts lead on our eye-lids—bad scran to him for a schemer!—well! here's confusion to him at any rate, and may he never get a claw on any one we wish well! Come now, all of you, drink that toast—don't be mouthin' at it. Bedad!" he added, smacking his lips, so he set down his own empty glass—emptied, as he said, "for the sake of example"—"bedad now that's what I call real good—don't be afeard of it, ladies, it's *Kinahan's malt*, you know. Mild as new milk."

Just then Larry was called on for a song, and he executed accordingly, with much good will, if not with much voice or skill, one of the stirring ballads of the O'Connell era, then in its last and most gloomy days. The song, though lively and patriotic in itself, struck a plaintive cord in the hearts of all within hearing, for times had changed, and the great chief who had so long wielded the nation's energies was now the occupant of a prison—the victim of English jealousy. Before Larry had finished the last stanza, lying back in his chair with legs outstretched and eyes upraised towards the ceiling, he was interrupted by several voices: "Hut,

tut, Larry! what sort of a song is that you're givin' us?" "Sure people's hearts are heavy enough and black enough too, without you remindin' us of days that'll maybe never come again." "Can't you give us a touch of love or murder, Larry?" "Something sorrowful in honor of the ould madam!" This last call was from Susy, the apple-woman, who was there in her glory.

All this and more was heard distinctly up stairs, the doors being all open on such an occasion as that, and many a smile was exchanged, and many a curt, sly remark, *apropos* to what was passing in the kitchen. Various little by-plays were also going on amongst "the quality," not the least amusing, being Arthur Dillon's persevering attentions to Miss Delany, who still "gave him the cold shoulder," as some of the company whispered to each other.

Thus did the three nights pass away, the three long nights that would have been so dismal, the loneliness of death half removed by the cheerful presence of so many cordial, sympathizing friends. On the morning of the funeral, a temporary altar was fitted up in the front parlor, and my aunt's spiritual Director offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of her soul, in presence of the crowd who had come to attend the funeral.

That was the last great funeral that ever took place in our family. From that time the star of our fortune was on the wane, and the number of our friends began to diminish wonderfully. Carry was sent to Cabra for her education, and what little housekeeping was to be done, devolved on my inexperienced self. The common herd of visitors had deserted us, and some of our best and truest friends were scattered hither and thither by the wayward course of human affairs. One was sent as Consul to the south of Europe, others were attending parliamentary duties in London, and one or two were, like ourselves, gradually sinking in the social scale. For them the care of their own broken fortunes was more than sufficient. Many an ancient and honored family fell from its high estate in Ireland, during those years of commercial depression—that dismal lull which followed the extinction of the great Repeal movement, and ushered in the Famine. It was a time of hopeless, joyless, public despondency, and every family in the kingdom from high to low, shared more or less in the general depression.

It was just about the time when the greatest of living Irishmen—the mighty enchanter whose wand had waked all Ireland from the sleep of ages—set out,—a frail and drooping, and broken-hearted old man—on a pilgrimage of love to the City of the Apostles. The metropolitan city was overshadowed with gloom, and the hearts of its usually gay inhabitants were chilled and heavy. Few there were who escaped the contagion, but of that number was our lively friend Maria Delany. Her father had died the year before, and it was found, contrary to all expectation, that his affairs were in anything but a prosperous condition. Maria, so far from being an heiress, was found almost penniless when the estate was wound up, and yet the light-hearted girl was as gay and mercurial as ever, saving the natural sorrow for her father's death. And, peace be to his ashes! worthy Mr. Delany was no better than he should be to his wife and daughter. He was a hard, shrewd man—a regular skinflint, who had loved money "not wisely, but too well"—a fact which made the final announcement as to the state of his affairs one of the greatest enigmas that had for years come before the Dublin public. Poor Maria lost ground amazingly in the world of fashion. It is true she kept herself aloof from it altogether, out of respect to the memory of her parents, but under other circumstances, it would have pursued her into any retirement she might have chosen. Had she still been an heiress, even though Mahomet did not go to the mountain, the mountain would have gone to Mahomet, but the attraction no longer existed, and for all her fashionable friends and quondam admirers cared, "that dear, sweet, lively creature, Miss Delany," might have betaken herself to Jericho or any other out-of-the-way place where her deep mourning would not cast a spectral shade on their worldly pleasures. She had gone to board in a private family out at Rathmines, and report said that she was actually teaching for her living. Poor Maria! That report set the seal on her reprobation, and she was consigned to the region of utter darkness where the smiles of fashion never penetrated. There were still one or two families of her former friends with whom Maria kept up an intimacy, and ours was one of these.

The year of Maria's mourning had just expired, when who should pop into our drawing-room one fine summer's day, but my lady herself, and who, of all others, should she have with her, but Arthur Dillon, who, to do him justice, looked more the man than we had ever seen him. The moustache had disappeared from his smooth upper lip, and his features seemed actually to have attained fuller and more masculine dimensions. We could hardly believe our eyes, and Maria laughed at our visible bewildermont till the tears ran down her cheeks. Dillon, too, smiled in a way that neither Carry nor I could understand.

"Do you know what brought us here this morning?" said Maria at length, when she had succeeded in composing her features.

"I really can't tell," I replied, "but I should think it was something very funny."

"So it is, child—isn't it, Arthur?—now open your ears wide, Elinor, and you, *ma petite* Carry!—we've come to ask you to our wedding!"

"To your wedding!"

"Just so—we're to be married next week—on Tuesday, I believe—why do you stare so, you strange girl? don't you think I have kept this poor youth long enough in suspense? There's no knowing what he might do if I tampered long with his feelings—eh, Arthur?"

"Well, but Maria—I never thought——"

"Of course you didn't—who asked you to think anything about it? Now listen to me, girls!—we're going to have the affair very private—very private, indeed—there will be none invited but your family—and old O'Shaughnessy of course, on George's account—the Dillons—and that's all—isn't it, Arthur?"

"Just as you like, my dear Maria!—I have told you so repeatedly."

There was an unnatural tremor in poor Arthur's voice, and a flush on his cheek that showed his inward agitation. The fact is, he seemed as one in a pleasing dream, and evidently feared to speak or move lest the blissful illusion should vanish—that Maria should ever speak rationally, or condescendingly to *him*—to him who had so long been the butt of her keen sarcasm and laughter—loving propensity,—above all, that she should smile graciously on his year-long suit, and actually permit him to hope—was something so very unexpected that steadier minds than Dillon's might have been staggered. And Maria lorded it over him with a vengeance, but still in that easy, good-natured way that no one could resent, and he least of all. The best of it all was that she drew very freely on Arthur's purse while making her preparations. It is true he gave her in the first place a cheque for a considerable sum, but she managed to dispose of it with so much ease that even I could not help expressing my surprise. When taking me into another room on that particular morning, she told me of it.

"Why, Maria, you have not spent all that surely?"

"Bless your heart, my dear! to be sure I have. Arthur can well afford it. Now, aren't you dying to know how all this came to pass in so short a time." I acknowledge my curiosity.

"Well! you know, or must know, that of all the candidates who sought my hand before the time of my poor father's death—may the Lord have mercy on him! Arthur Dillon was the only one that persevered, through thick and thin. All the others fairly deserted—yes, every soul of them, and what am I to do, unless I make up my mind 'to die an old maid,' as the old song says, why, I must e'en take what I can get. Besides," she added, still in the same bantering tone, "I have been so long teasing the poor fellow who clung to me so pertinaciously that it became a second nature to me, and I really never could get along without him. Poor Arthur!" she looked at him as she said this, and her eyes moist with tears, told of a much deeper feeling in his regard than the levity of her speech denoted. I could not then understand all this, but I have often thought of it since—and little wonder it was that the poor fellow's devotion, surviving fortune, position, nay! youth itself, should touch a heart so warm and generous as Maria's. She had learned, by dear-bought experience, that his foppery and apparent egotism went no farther than the surface, and that there were qualities rare and precious hidden far down in the depths of that heart which few gave him credit for possessing at all.

My father was both amused and pleased when he heard the news. "Well!" said he, "if that isn't a strange fancy of Maria's she never had one, and we have seen her have a reasonable number of odd fancies. Still I think she might do worse. The Dillons are well off, and poor Arthur may get to be more of a man when he has a sensible wife. That shaving of his upper lip is a good sign. He'll come to his senses, never fear."

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL HISTORY OF ANCIENT IRELAND.

Eugene Curry, the eminent Irish scholar and antiquarian, delivered a lecture on the above subject in the Irish Catholic University lately. Mr. Curry commenced by saying:

It was lamentable that the rapacity of time and the negligence of man, had destroyed the materials of our Social History, but enough still remained to furnish, at least, the epitome which he should present. Among the intellectual classes in Pagan times, the Druid and the *Filid* were the most prominent characters. The word *Druid*, which has no connection with the oak, was derived—according to Cormac's glossary, from *ruadh*, signifying "great knowledge"—the Druids were the "Doctors" of the Antient Irish. The education of youth down to the Christian era, seems to have been entrusted to the inspiration of genius in the person of the Bard, and to learning and religion in that of the Druid—professions, however, which were sometimes blended in the same individual. The *Filid* or Bard, in the court of the King, was surrounded by a circle of disciples, whom he often instructed under the royal roof, but still more frequently under the boughs of the forest, or seated on some pleasant knoll under the canopy of Heaven. The poet in his travels was still accompanied by his circle of scholars, and wherever he moved was received with profuse hospitality; but if his train exceeded the number fixed by law, the houses of the neighborhood received the excess of their number. The individuals forming the train of the poet were graduates in the art of modulating the lyre, or of moving the heart by rythmical eloquence, and who had not yet reached the highest dignity in their profession. The Druids were less ambulatory than the poets, their privileges fewer, their disciples equal in number—disciples whom they sometimes instructed under the roof of the kings, and sometimes under the canopy of the sky. Their place in the banquetting-hall was high, and they took rank among the hereditary nobility. But the lecturer should, at some future time, take occasion to dwell with more amplitude on the character and profession of the Druids. At this distance of time it would be futile, considering the destruction which had repeatly swept away the materials of Irish history, to endeavor to minutely describe the literary education of the Pagan Irish. But, at least, he might analyze a mauuscript of great antiquity, found in the book of Ballymote, which had escaped the ravages of time, and which contained a list of the learned who, by their knowledge of law, poetry, and history, had adorned and illuminated Irish society in those remote periods. The tract began by stating that history had been written by ancient men from the beginning of recorded time, and that the earliest infancy of Irish society was soothed by the *Filid*, and instructed by the *Otamh*. The list opened with the *Tuatha de Danaans*, while the Milesians, who were famous for authorship and learning, were enumerated afterwards; but the Firvolgians, who had preceded both, were entirely unnoticed by the author. From this tract it seemed evident that literature had been cultivated in Ireland during a thousand years by the succession of distinguished men whose names were here set down, who had contributed to preserve history, by literary productions in prose and verse, during that long interval. The list embraced such men as the *Tuatha de Danaan*, who had invented the Ogham character, and Amergin, the poet, judge, and Druid, by whom the Milesians were accompanied in their invasion of Ireland, and a long train of subsequent historians and poets—of whom the mere existence evinced the remote antiquity of civization in Ireland. The train of every Irish King was swelled with a number of literary officers—the Druid, poet, antiquary, and musician. These men were endowed with exalted rank, and enriched with princely estates. Owing to the privileges and immunities with which literary merit was rewarded in Erin, one-third of the inhabitants were at one time, it was calculated, professors of literature. Legal enactment, which billeted the poets on the people from All Hollandtide until May, secured subsistence to literary talent at the expense of agricultural industry. As the number of the literary men increased, the complaints of the producing classes became more loud and clamorous, and discontent finally approximated to the menacing form of insurrectionary violence. It seemed necessary to the King, in order to appease the people, to expatriate the poets. In this alarming contingency the poets assembled in a public meeting, in which they resolved to escape danger by passing into Scotland. But Connor Mac Nessa, King of Ulster, invited them into his kingdom, where, during seven years, the bards were treated with hospitality. But the literary profession was threatened with still greater danger in the reign of Hugh, son of Ainmireach, A. D. 558. They were accustomed to traverse the island in groups of thirty, each group consisting of a superior poet and his train of attendants. On entering a house the first of the group chanted a verse of a long poem—the second verse was sung by the second man, and the third by the third man, and the last man sang the concluding stanza. Music appears to have accompanied this vocalization, and in this way they all sang. Then they laid down their "pot of avarice," which they had hitherto carried on their spears, and solicited or expected largess. The pot of avarice appears to have been a large silver vase which was furnished with nine chains of bronze attached to its rim by hooks of gold. By these bronze chains the vessel was suspended upon the points of nine spears, being borne in this way from place to place over the island. During their march, as it swung in the air, a band of music played round the silver pot. The gifts that were bestowed upon them were placed by the poets in this pot. The antiquity of this account of the minstrels and their pot of avarice could not be called in question. They overwhelmed those who refused them largess with stinging lampoons and libellous satires—extorting by the terror of their minstrelsy what less musical freebooters extorted by the terror of the sword. Such was the confidence with which their literary ability inspired them, that in 530 a deputation of the Bards demanded from the Monarch Aodh, or Hugh, possession of the royal broach or golden bodkin, which glittered on the breast of the Sovereign. Handed down from King to King, this hereditary gem was ever regarded as the inalienable *insignium* of the royal authority. This demand, which was accompanied with the threat of making the royal authority, in case of refusal, supremely ridiculous by force of satire, the King indignantly scouted. The royal anger went so far as to order the immediate expulsion of the literary order from the island. Again, they took refuge in the Kingdom of Ulidia, the monarch of which sustained them by his bounty and protected them by his power. The learned lecturer proceeded to sketch the history of the bardic order during Christian times, concluding his erudite lecture amid enthusiastic applause.—*Nation.*

SWEATING-HOUSES.—STRANGE CUSTOM.—In the district of country lying between Derrygonnelly and Lake M'Nilly, which separates Fermanagh and Leitrim, you will observe as you pass here and there studded about the foot of each little hill, a small artificial lump of earth, about the size of a "hand-shaking of hay," somewhat resembling an ice-house. "Well, what's that?" "It is a sweat-house," erected there for the benefit of the people of the town-land—for there is generally one in each. It is built of stone and mortar, and brought to a round top. It is sufficiently large for one person to sit on a chair inside, the door being merely large enough to admit a person on his hands and knees. When any of the old people of the neighborhood, men or women, are seized with pains, they at once have recourse to the sweat-house, which is brought to the proper temperature by placing therein a large turf fire, after the manner of an oven, which is left until it is burned quite down, the door being a flag stone, and air-tight; and the roof or outside of the house being covered with clay to the depth of about a foot, prevents the least escape of the heat. When the remains of the fire are taken out, the floor is strewn with green rushes, and the person to be cured is escorted to the sweat-house by a second person carrying a pair of blankets. The invalid having crept in, plants himself or herself in a chair, and there remains until the perspiration rolls off in large drops. When sufficiently operated on, he or she, as the case may be, is anxious to get out, and the person in waiting swaddles him up in the blankets, and off home, and then to bed. I have heard old people saying they would not have been alive 20 years ago only for the "sweat-house."—*Communicated to the Fermanagh Mail.*

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.—Immediately after the Crimean War, France and Russia, great and gallant powers as they are, renewed their terms of friendship. Each had learned to respect the other, neither had indulged in displays of blind ferocity nor ventilated an insulting amount of swagger and braggadocio, and, therefore, with the declaration of peace, ill-feelings were allayed and rapidly died away. Not so with her great greatness, Great Britain. Having failed and blundered through the war, she could not afford to be silent when it was ended, insult and idle brag, therefore, were continued, and are to the present day. That Russia appreciates the conduct of each nation has been amply proved during the continental tour of Prince Constantine. He visited France and was welcomed in its palaces, its arsenals, and its dockyards. Then a little of the old jealousy broke out in England. Her ships were larger than those of France, and her factories more extensive. The Grand Duke ought to come to inspect them as he had inspected anything, thought John Bull. The English Queen specially invited his Highness, who, in return, paid her Majesty a flying visit at Osborne, and sailed off again after the lapse of one day. The visit is regarded as a slight in England, and doubtless that is what it was meant to be.

A young girl left Carr's Hill, Gateshead, for Heworth Colliery, England, to gather coals on the "brass heap." Suddenly, as she stood with literally a volcano under her feet, the deceitful crust gave way, and she sunk into the fire, receiving mortal hurts, of which she subsequently died in Newcastle Infirmary.

Among the "knowing ones," who have suffered by the Derby, is Sir Robert Peel, who is stated to have lost £50,000.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER III.

"Duke O'Neill's Will"—Malachi's Collar—"Cousin Kane"—O'Grady and the Limerick Jurors—"Evangelical" Missionaries—Barnewall's Lottery-Ticket—The Picture-Dealer and the Flat—Judge Day—Forensic Eloquence—Scott's Novels—O'Connell at Court.

SPEAKING of his professional recollections, O'Connell mentioned a curious fraud which had sent him many applicants who dreamed of participating in enormous wealth; the visionary hope of which was excited by the following device:—A smart attorney's clerk, who had a mind for a cheap summer's ramble, forged a document purporting to be the will of a certain Duke O'Neill, who had died childless in Spain, having amassed £1,200,000, which enormous sum he bequeathed to be equally divided between all his Irish cousins bearing the name of O'Neill, within the *fortieth* degree of kindred! The fabricator bent his course to the north, and introduced himself at many houses; where the plausibility with which he supported his statement gained him a hospitable reception. He also made money by selling copies of the forgery at half a crown each, to all such O'Neills as were fools enough to buy. His trick had considerable success; sundry several farmers from the north, and a merchant residing in Liverpool, bearing the name of their imaginary ducal kinsman, applied to O'Connell for his professional aid in recovering their proportions of the £1,200,000, bequeathed them by the honored defunct.

"Nothing," said O'Connell, "could exceed their astonishment, when I assured them the whole thing was a delusion. 'Do you really tell us so, Counsellor?'—'Indeed, I do,' said I. 'And now we hope you wouldn't lay it on your conscience to deceive us—do you really tell us, after all, that there's nothing at all to be got?' 'Indeed, I can assure you, with a very safe conscience,' said I, 'that it is all a fabrication; and if an oath was required to confirm the fact, I could very safely give one.' So away they went; indignant at the fraud, and lamenting they had ever put faith in the tale of the 'ould duke.'"

At a public dinner of the Malachean Orphan Charity, O'Connell excited much merriment by the felicitous adaptation of a line from one of Moore's Melodies. Pointing to the splendid gold collar of the Dublin Corporation which he wore round his neck, he said:

"I am here, it is true, but an uncanonized Malachi—I resemble the old monarch of that name, of whom the poet sings, that

"'Malachi wore a collar of gold.'

He won it, we are told by the same authority, 'from the proud invader;' whereas, I won *this* from the old rotten Corporation of Dublin."

In one of the contrasts which he frequently made between the blessings of temperance, and the jovial habits of society in his earlier days, he said:

"On occasions of festivity, I loved to preside at a side-table at Darrynane. I remember a jolly fellow of the name of Kane—every body called him 'cousin Kane'—he always lived from house to house, and kept two horses and twelve couple of dogs at other people's expense. One day there was a large dinner at Darrynane, and Kane was one of the guests at my side-table. A decanter of whiskey stood before me, and I, thinking it was sherry, which it exactly resembled in color, filled 'cousin Kane's' glass. He drank it off, but immediately got into a rage with me for giving him whiskey instead of wine. He gave me a desperate scolding, which he ended by holding out his glass, and saying, ferociously, '*Fill it again, sir!*'"

"Cousin Kane's figure was in the last degree ungainly. He was a tall, thin, wiry, raw-boned man, with splay feet, and one shoulder higher than the other. He lived upon all who would let him in; and being a younger brother of a good family, he had admission everywhere. When he was with us at Carhen, he got up at two o'clock in the morning, and wakened me with the noise he made. I asked him what he was about? and told him the clock had only struck two. 'And am I to be bound by a blackguard clock, you blockhead?' retorted cousin Kane; 'if it struck twenty-two, is that any reason I should stay one moment in bed after I can't sleep?' He used to mingle prayers and curses in the most outlandish way—would begin with a pious ejaculation, and end with a tremendous oath. On the whole, he was a noble brute; fearless, faithful, and sincere; but brutally uncouth, and choleric to the last degree. He had seventy-six actions for assault and battery against him, yet he would venture to go to Tralee in assizes time. He had kicked up a row in court, and Judge Kelly reproved him in as gentle language as the case permitted. He cursed and swore at the Judge for presuming to lecture a gentleman. Kelly pretended to think he was mad, and said, 'Has this unhappy man any friends in court?' 'Yes,' burst from fifty voices. 'Then take him out, and put him up in safety,' said the Judge. He was immediately hustled out. Some time after, he was riding slowly up a hill, and was overtaken by a gentleman and his servant on horseback. They dismounted, and led their horses up the acclivity; the gentleman got on much faster than his servant, who lagged behind, near cousin Kane. At a point where their roads parted, 'Who's your master, friend?' asked Kane. 'Judge Kelly, sir.' 'Bad luck to me,' cried Kane, 'that didn't know him without his wig! A'n't I the unluckiest devil that ever was born that I didn't thrash him? Give my best respects to your master, friend, and tell him, that if I had known who he was, I'd have licked and leathered him as long as I could stand over him."

If the following anecdote be characteristic of the habits of the Limerick gentry at a former period, it must be admitted that they stood much in need of the Temperance Reformation. Standish O'Grady (afterwards Lord Guillamore) asked O'Connell to accompany him to the play one evening, during the Limerick assizes in 1812. O'Connell declined, observing that the Limerick grand jurors were not the pleasantest folks in the world to meet after dinner. O'Grady went, but very soon returned.

"'Dan,' said he, 'you were quite right. I had not been five minutes in the box, when some ten or a dozen noisy gentlemen came into it. It was small and crowded, and as I observed that one of the party had his head quite close to a peg on which I had hung my hat, I said, very politely, 'I hope, sir, my hat does not incommode you; if it does, pray allow me to remove it.' 'Faith,' said he, 'you may be sure it doesn't incommode me! for if it did, d—n me, but I'd have kicked it out of the box, and yourself after it!' So, lest the worthy juror should change his mind as to the necessity of such a vigorous measure, I quietly put my hat *on*, and took myself *off*."

O'Connell was much amused at an illustration of "evangelical" missionary zeal which occurred about this time. "Contrast these fellows with the Catholic missionaries," said he, "with the Jesuits! Here's one of them, a fellow of the name of Oakes, who has attained great age in Polynesia, having amassed *one hundred thousand pounds!* Upon my word, *that* was swaddling to some tune!"*

"I knew a person named Barnewall, who, while staying in Dublin, was commissioned by a friend in the country to purchase a lottery ticket. The choice of the number was left to Barnewall, who accordingly selected and paid for a ticket. It turned up a prize of £10,000. He had a most thorough facility for retaining the amount. All he needed to do was to buy his friend some other ticket. No one could say that he had not duly executed his commission. But Barnewall reasoned thus with himself. 'If,' said he, 'my friend had not commissioned me to buy the ticket for him, I never would have bought it for myself. It, therefore, is rightfully his—and to put myself beyond the reach of casuistry, I'll lodge the amount to his credit immediately, and apprise him that I have done so by this day's post;' which honest Barnewall accordingly did. I recollect when I was a younker, my uncle gave me £300 in gold to get changed into notes at Cotter and Kellett's bank. The clerk, through stupidity, gave me £400, of which £300 were in small notes, and the rest in a £100 note. I pointed out his blunder; and he, in a very surly manner, and without looking at the heap of notes, insisted that I must be wrong, for that he never mistook. I persisted; he was sulky and obstinate; at last our altercation attracted the notice of Cotter, who came over and asked what was the matter. I told him I had got £100 too much. He reckoned the money, and then took off the £100 note, saying, 'Now it is all right.' I begged he would let me retain that note, as my uncle was desirous to get the largest notes he could; and I assure you it was with no trifling difficulty I could prevail on the old gentleman to take his hundred pounds in small notes!"

In our after-dinner table-talk, one evening, O'Connell said to a Kerry friend: "I've got a new story for you about your acquaintance, Mr. ——."

"Is it perfectly new, sir?"

"Oh, perfectly new. It only happened last week. You must know that ——'s wife passing a picture-dealer's shop in Liffey street, chanced to mention that she had six paintings she would be glad to dispose of, as she had no great value for them. The dealer inquired their merits, and learned from the lady that they had very good frames. She directed him to her house, and said he might inspect them as soon as he pleased, her husband being then at home. Off went the dealer, and found Mr. —— at home. He saw at a glance that the paintings were valuable, and inquired for how much Mr. —— would dispose of the lot. 'Why, really I can't say,' replied he; 'but how much are you willing to give me for them?' 'I'll give you *a pound* for the lot,' replied the dealer. 'A pound? Um!—hum!—why, I'd like to consult some one first.' 'Oh! certainly, sir.' Whereupon our worthy friend summoned the kitchen-maid to assist his judgment! 'Molly,' said he, 'this gentleman offers me a pound for these six paintings—what do you think of it?' Molly had no particular passion for the fine arts, and a pound was in her estimation a great deal of money. 'Why, sir,' said she, 'I know, if they were mine, the gentleman should have them for it.' The dealer protested, of course, that a pound was a most liberal price, and the bargain was accordingly ratified, to the perfect satisfaction of Molly and her master. The paintings were forthwith carried off by the purchaser, and in a few days Mr. —— and his lady were somewhat startled on finding that he had sold one of them for twenty, and another for forty guineas, to a connoisseur! Mrs. ——, panic struck, posted off to the dealer, and upbraided him with having taken in her husband. There were four of the pictures yet unsold, including a portrait of one of her family. She demanded a restitution of this, as it could not be supposed of any value to strangers. 'Well, ma'am,' said the dealer, 'as I like to be generous, you may have it back for *two pounds*.' 'Why, you got the whole lot for *one pound!*' cried the lady. The —— are thinking of an action of trover," continued O'Connell. "But just fancy," added he, laughing violently, "the sublime notion of calling up the kitchen-maid to decide on the value of old paintings! Oh, it was perfectly delightful! And the comical chagrin of Mrs. ——, on finding *two* pounds asked for *one* picture, as a most generous concession, by the vagabond who got the *six* pictures altogether for *one* pound!"

Some one spoke of old Judge Day.

"Aye, poor Day!" said O'Connell, "most innocent of law was my poor friend Day! I remember once I was counsel before him, for a man who had stolen some goats. The fact was proved, whereupon I produced to Judge Day an old act of parliament, empowering the owners of corn-fields, gardens, or plantations, to kill and destroy all goats trespassing thereon; I contended that this legal power of destruction clearly demonstrated that *goats were not property;* and I thence inferred that the stealer of goats was not legally a thief, nor punishable as such. Poor Day charged the jury accordingly, and the prisoner was acquitted."

Of forensic eloquence, amongst some of his earlier contemporaries, O'Connell recorded the following specimens:—A young barrister, who was counsel against a cow-stealer, wound up his statement with a violent invective against the thief, who, it seems, had branded his own name on the horns of the cow he had stolen. "If, my lord," concluded the orator, "the cow were a cow of any feeling, how could she bear to have such a name branded on her horn?"

Another orator of this sublime school, warned the jury not to be carried away "by the dark oblivion of a brow." A brother counsel stopped him, saying, "*that* was nonsense." "I know it is, replied the unabashed advocate; "but it is good enough for the jury!"

O'Connell read all Scott's works in succession, as they came out in the reprint of 1841. "There never was such a novelist," said he, "and there never again will be another such. My first reading of 'Waverley' was spoiled by somebody who gave me a sketch of the story, and who forestalled that beautiful touch of nature where the people about Tully Veolan make their children give over birdnesting lest the safety of the Baron in his hiding-place should be endangered. But with all his unquestionable merits, Scott was a sad bigot. Look at his 'Monastery;' he makes the monks all fools or knaves. What a strange conception he must have had of monks! If Scott were to write that book at the present time, how differently would he not write it! The progress of knowledge and public enlightenment has been rapid. The stale old calumnies against priests and monks, which were some years ago currently received as undeniable truths, are now in a great measure exploded. A great writer who should at the present day paint a community of the Catholic clergy as being such rogues or imbecile dolts as those with whom Scott has peopled his 'Monastery,' would thereby degrade himself and mar the reputation of his works."

O'Connell now prepared to attend the levee of the Tory Viceroy Lord de Gray. Never in the annals of courts did a civic functionary present himself before a viceroy under such whimsically curious circumstances. A few days previous to the levee he delivered the following announcement in a speech at the Corn Exchange:

"In my official capacity of Lord Mayor, and in such *only*, I will feel it my duty to pay every token of respect to the representative of her Majesty. It is as such that I honor the Lord Lieutenant, and not through any feeling of personal respect for his Excellency. In fact, I entertain no respect at all for Lord de Gray: but as, unhappily, he is my Sovereign's representative, I must, in my capacity as Lord Mayor, approach him! I neither respect him; nor do I disrespect him: on this point I am neutral. I am told he is a good-humored, good-natured, good-for-nothing kind of private gentleman. There I leave him! But let no Liberal fall into the mistake of supposing that he can, without compromising his duty, attend the levee because I attend it. I repeat that I go there as Lord Mayor of Dublin. If I went there in my private capacity, I should richly earn contempt for paying the slightest mark of respect to so paltry, pitiful, delusive, and hypocritical an administration as the present. I suppose my presence at the levee will draw a large crowd to the the Castle yard, and I do not doubt but I may even divide their cheers with the Lord Lieutenant himself."

Never, certainly, had Lord Mayor announced his purpose of playing the courtier in such unceremonious terms.

At the levee he appeared for a few miuntes—approached the throne—made his bow to the Viceroy—and passed out. The Tory journals, of course, could not allow the occasion to pass without some characteristic commentary. The *Evening Packet* represented O'Connell as presenting himself at the levee with the purpose of insulting and bullying the Viceroy. The *Mail*, on the other hand, represented the insult as proceeding from the Lord Lieutenant; beneath whose glance of "withering contempt" it asserted that the Agitator shrank and cowered. These trivial discrepancies, in all likelihood, arose from a want of concert between the rival journalists. The paragraphs descriptive of O'Connell's reception at the levee were probably in type some hour before the levee itself took place.

(To be continued.)

*The *Australasiatic Review*, for 1841, thus noticed this gentleman's tremendous profits:

"Mr. Oakes, one of the first missionaries to Australasia, has reached so advanced an age, that his affairs have been placed by the Supreme Court in the charge of his family. He was, we believe, the first who resided at Tahiti, and subsequently was stationed at the Friendly and other islands of the Polynesian Archipelago. He was universally esteemed a great favorite with the different governors, from Captain King onwards, and by his *honest* industry (!) amassed a large fortune; upwards of £100,000 being to be divided amongst the family. Mrs. Hutchinson, wife of the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, of this place (Wesleyan missionary), will possess considerably above £10,000."

With respect to this statement, the *Belfast Vindicator* observed:

"Comment on the above is almost superfluous—the paragraph tells its own tale. But we would just wish to put one question. By what '*honest* industry' could a Protestant missionary amass a fortune of £100,000, if he did his duty as a clergyman with any—the smallest—share of zeal? What a figure St. Peter would cut in our eyes, if an ancient annal should turn up, giving us to learn that he, by 'honest industry,' had scraped together £100,000 for his family! We wonder how much of these sums came from the contributions of John Bull for the diffusion of the Gospel?"

ENSIGN EDWARD TOOLE.

Some, who write of the battle of the Boyne, allege that the death of the Duke of Schomberg, while passing that river, was caused by a shot from O'Toole, "an exempt of the King's Guard," and affect to call this guardsman Sir Charles Toole; but the name of this only Toole in the Infantry Guards would lead to an inference of *his* identity with the transaction. The very ancient sept of the O'Tooles were independent Princes of Imaile and Cuolan, in the wild mountain district forming a moiety of what had been in the time of James the First reduced to English government, and erected into the County of Wicklow. They constituted one of the septs that were eligible to the dignity of Kings of Leinster, and their territory formed the Diocese of Glen-da-lough, whose bishops and abbots they exercised the prerogative of appointing, down to 1497, when it was united to the Archiepiscopal See of Dublin. A few years before the English Invasion, Laurence O'Toole, afterwards canonized, was advanced from the Abbacy of Glendalough to the Archbishopric of Dublin. The death of his father is recorded by the Masters at 1164.——In 1208, the infamous Piers Gaveston diverted the interval of his official exile to Ireland, in penetrating the country of the O'Tooles, whose stronghold at Castle-Kevin he is reported to have stormed, afterwards laying his offerings, as of atonement, at the shrine of St. Kevin in Glendalough. In 1327, David O'Toole, then Captain of the Sept, was taken prisoner by Sir John de Wellesley, ancestor of "the Duke." In 1366, the Lord Deputy made a treaty with Hugh O'Toole, then the captain, whereby he agreed to allow that chieftain a stipend in the nature of black mail, to secure the Pale from the predatory incursions of his followers.

In 1396, says the Four Masters, "the English of Leinster were defeated by O'Toole with great slaughter." It was on the occasion of this continued foray, that Roger Mortimer, then Earl of March, King Richard's Vicegerent in Ireland, and the heir presumptive to the English Crown, was surprised, defeated, and slain. Therefore it was, and with the object of chastising "the insolence of the Irish," and avenging the death of Mortimer, *that* the English Monarch undertook his second journey to Ireland;—— but to raise another patriot hero in Art Mac Murrough, for the veneration of that country, and to consummate his own dethronement. In 1497, Sir William Wellesley of Dangan, the lineal descendant of the aforesaid John, who had done such active service against the O'Tooles, was fain to espouse one of this denounced Sept, Matilda O'Toole.

Spencer in his "View of Ireland" characterizes the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes as the "two mischievous clans that inhabited the glyns of Wicklow." The Four Masters are very full in the particulars of the O'Toole's resistance to subjugation, especially in 1580. In the time of James the First, however, O'Toole, "the Lord of Imaile," furnished to military muster 24 horsemen and 80 Kernes; yet were many of the Sept then attainted, as were in 1642 no less than twenty-four O'Tooles, great proprietors in Wicklow. In the Irish Parliament of 1689, Francis Toole sat as Representative of the Borough of Wicklow, while on the list of Colonels prefixed to the present Army List the name of Francis Toole appears, Colonel of an Independent Company of Fusiliers; but as he is omitted in the subsequent details, the memoir of the name should be attached to Ensign Edward. The forfeitures of 1691 exhibit but six O'Tooles as of Wicklow, and one in each of three other Counties, Carlow, Kildare, and Wexford. Several of this name were afterwards distinguished officers in the Irish Brigades serving in France and Spain; and in 1719, Captain O'Toole, with Colonel Wogan of the Rathcoffy line, and two others of the Irish Brigade in the service of the latter power, succeeded in carrying off Maria-Clementina Sobieski, (grand-daughter of the celebrated John Sobieski, King of Poland, who defeated the Turks before Vienna,) then betrothed to James the Third, as the Pretender was styled by them. They effected her liberation from the Castle of Inspruck in the Tyrol, where she had been detained for some previous months by command of the Emperor Charles VI. at the instance of George the First. From thence they brought her in disguise to Monte Fiascone within the Pope's dominions, where James himself met her, and their marriage was celebrated. The Pope on their repairing to Rome, received the gallant officers most cordially, and created them Knights of the Holy Roman order.—*King James's Irish Army List.*

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

An inquest was held by John Jellett, Esq., coroner, on the body of an infant child, about ten months old, which had been dug out of a bog about three miles from Portglenone. After hearing evidence, the jury found a verdict that the body had been found at Killylash, but that no evidence was shown as to how the said child had come by its death. The reputed mother and father have been arrested, and handed over for further examination by the magistrates.—*Belfast Mercury.*

A man named Duffy, in the employment of the Ulster Railway Company, at the terminus, was stepping into one of the engines while in motion, when his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground. The engine passed over a portion of both, cutting off one of his toes, and causing a compound fracture on the other foot.—*Belfast Paper.*

Armagh.

An inquest was held at Montlone, near Scarva, by D. Atkinson, Esq., on the body of Susan Loughnan, who had died from the effects of a gun shot wound received a few days previously. The evidence went to show that the deceased and her son resided together, and were much attached to each other, and on the 21st ult. he had taken out his gun to look for a water-hen, and soon after returned into the house along with a neighbor; almost immediately afterwards the gun went off, and the contents shattered the deceased's heel. Neither she nor the neighbors had seen the shot fired; but the declaration of her son, as soon as he became sufficiently collected to speak, was, that in letting down the cock it had slipped through his fingers—a declaration likely to be true, from the cock having been recently oiled, and being wet from recent rain. A verdict of "accidental death" was returned.—*Newry Telegraph.*

Clare.

A woman named Corry committed suicide by hanging herself at Monemore, near Kilrush. It is thought that excessive grief for the death of her daughter, who had been married, and who died some short time since, was the cause of this tragical act.—*Freeman.*

Cork.

Jeremiah Conners, the young man who was tried at the Spring Assizes of '55 for the murder of Miss Mullane, and who was acquitted of the capital offence, the jury having disagreed, died whilst undergoing imprisonment for perjury. From enquiries made at the County Jail it has been ascertained that the deceased, during the whole term of his confinement, was singularly well-conducted. He was always in a desponding state of mind, as if troubled by the recollection of some heinous crime, and this, no doubt, accelerated the decline of which he died. Previous to his death Conners received all the rights of the Roman Catholic Church from the Rev. Mr. O'Regan, and he was most assiduous in attention to his religious duties. Of the guilt of Conners no person could have entertained moral doubt, and the few words he occasionally let fall to the warders, tend to confirm the belief in his culpability. Some short time before his death, he remarked to one of the warders he suffered great physical pain, "but," continued he, "if I endured seven times as much it would be no more than I deserve." The father of Conners visited him, and endeavored to induce his son to make a full confession of his guilt if he were really the perpetrator of the murder, but the latter refused to do so, and always observed a strict silence on the subject. His body was removed from the jail by his relatives, and deposited in the cemetery at Blarney, but the residents of the neighborhood, whose friends have been buried there, have evinced a disposition to remove the body. Conners was a young man, about 24 years of age, and when he stood in the dock of the Court-house in 1855, to take his trial, appeared a robust and healthy man, but previous to his death he was reduced to almost a skeleton.—*Examiner.*

An inquest was held at College Road, by Mr. Galway, one of the city coroners, on the body of a young man named William Goggin, aged 18 years, who, it was stated, had come by his death in consequence of the treatment of a quack doctor named James Shea. The jury then retired, and after some consideration found a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner, after which he was fully committed for the next assizes, under the coroner's warrant. While the police were conducting the prisoner to gaol, crowds followed him, expressing indignation against him, the deceased being an exceedingly well-conducted man, and much liked in his neighborhood. —*Ibid.*

Notice to commence pipe-laying has been served on the Corporation authorities, and the foreman of Mr. Aird, who has contracted for the work, being already on the spot, operations will in all probability be commenced. *Ibid.*

At the opening of the Recorders' Court, his worship said he could not grant licenses to either Mr. O'Neill or Mr. M'Carthy, although he was well aware these men would keep nothing but proper houses, but having determined that the number of public houses shall not be increased, therefore he should refuse those licenses unless the applicants could find some other grounds on which to apply. If they could get the transfer of any licenses, he should be happy to grant such to them, but under no other circumstances would he give new licenses.—*Reporter.*

The *Examiner* says, the desire to emigrate to Australia is greatly on the increase. The applications made to Mr. Besnard, J. P., for advice and information on the subject have become so constant and numerous, that he has found it necessary to communicate with the Secretary to the Commissioners.

A little boy named M'Carthy was tried at the Queenstown Petty Sessions, for tearing a Protestant Bible in the street. The prisoner had found the book in the water, and knew it was a Protestant Bible, but was unable to read or write. He was discharged with a caution.

Derry.

Mr. John William Lane, second son of Alexander Lane, M.D., surgeon, Royal Navy, of Newtownlimavady, county Derry, and Mr. Frederick William Wade, eldest son of William Maxwell Wade, M.D., having been publicly examined on two several days, obtained letters testimonial qualifying them practice Surgery.

Donegal.

The landlords are carrying it with a high hand in Donegal. The clearance system has long been at work among those northern mountains, and has, of course, produced its fruits, as cruelty has ever led to exasperation and to outrage. The question agitating the people of that noble county has been pithily expressed. It is Men *versus* Sheep. A stalwart peasantry, of peaceable habits, one of the purest remnants of the old Irish race, is being swept off the hills and out of the land of their fathers, to make way for a few Scotch and north of England farmers, and give scope to their system of sheep farming. The poor people thus dispossessed have entered their protest against the proceeding in an unwise and reprehensible manner. Nocturnal forays were made at different times into the holdings of the new comers, and great numbers of the sheep were destroyed. The proprietors now *recoup* themselves out of the county. At a presentment sessions held at Letterkenny on the 28th ult., upwards of a thousand pounds was levied upon the county as compensation for malicious injuries. The following are the items: "1. To James Huggup, Esq., of Northumberland, for the loss of 446 sheep, alleged to have been maliciously destroyed on the mountains in the parish of Tullaghobegley, in the months of February, March, and April last, £561 5s., to be levied off the electoral division of Magheraclogher. 2. To Joseph Wright, Esq., of Aberdeen, for the loss of 267 sheep, alleged as above, in the same parish, about same time, £333 15s., to be levied off the electoral division of Meenaclany. 3. To William Hunter, Esq., of Whittonstall, Northumberland, for the loss of 144 sheep, alleged as above, in same parish, about same time, £135 9s., to be levied off the electoral divisions of Maheraclogher, and the townlands of Upper Keeldrun and Ballynass mountains. 4. To Lord George Hill, who put forward a presentment for £123 12s. 4d., loss and damages sustained by the pulling down of a house in the same parish in March last, fifty-five pounds." Thus is the screw twisted down to nearly the last thread on the poor people of Donegal. Some time ago, the Londonderry *Standard* says, "a memorial signed by nearly 900 heads of families in these parts, was addressed to the Lord Lieutenant, begging the government to transport them and their families to some other quarter of the British dominions, in which they might have the means of living by honest industry." Of course such a prayer could not be granted. The government could find ships and a settlement for the riotous German Legion, but for the Irishmen, why if they could not live on the land, let them walk into the sea. Such is the alternative now before the men of Donegal.—*Nation.*

Dublin.

At a meeting held in the Mansion House, the following resolution was passed: "That the surplus money in hands of the treasurers of the Crimean Banquet Fund be appropriated to the Royal Hibernian Military School, to be invested in the public funds in the names of Lord Talbot de Malahide, Sir Timothy O'Brien, Bart.; Richard Atkinson, Lord Mayor; and Alderman F. Farrell, late Lord Mayor, and their successors, and that all the details of this arrangement and of the application of this fund be left to the discretion of the above-named persons." The following memorandum was entered on the minutes: "The amount of the surplus will exceed £1,100, and as soon as a few trifling debts still outstanding have been paid, the money will be invested in the public funds, and the exact amount will be published as soon as it is ascertained.

An arrangement has been made for an improved day communication between England and Ireland, *via* Holyhead. An additional special express steamer will leave Holyhead at half-past nine, A.M., returning from Kingstown at half-past four, P.M., so that the sea passage both ways may be made in daylight, enabling passengers to avail themselves with comfort of the option of breaking the journey, and of continuing it on the following morning after a night's rest at Holyhead. This arrangement will be carried out every day with the exceptions of Sunday and Monday. The special boat will arrive at Kingstown two hours before the departure of the afternoon trains, enabling travellers to reach places in the interior of Ireland the same evening.

The following gentlemen were elected officers of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland for the ensuing year: President—Hans Irvine. Vice-President—James Wm. Cusack. Secretary of the College—Edward Hutton. Council—Sir Philip Crampton, Alexander Read, Arthur Jacob, Thomas E. Beatty, William Hargrave, Andrew Ellis, Robert C. Williams, Robert Adams, James Barker, William Colles, John H. Power, James S. Hughes, Edward Hutton, Robert Pentland, Samuel G. Wilmot, Augustus E. Tabuteau, Auley P. Banon, Peter Shannon, Rawdon Macnamara.

The Board of Superintendence of Kilmainham jail have awarded the premiums offered for the three best designs for enlarging and remodelling the prison to the following architects, viz.—Mr. John M'Curdy, first; Mr. E. H. Carson, second, and Mr. Gray, third. It is proposed to give great increased accommodation for prisoners on the separate system.

Galway.

The "skyey influences" for the last week were most propitious to the growing crops, which have now assumed a luxuriant appearance. The young cereals look healthy, and potatoes are highly promising. A large breadth of turnips still remains to be sown. Sheep shearing is being actively proceeded with in all directions.—*Vindicator.*

Kerry.

An inquest was held at Ballyseedy, before Justin Supple, Esq., coroner, and a jury, on the body of Patrick Connor, who died on the previous day. From the evidence of Mr. Alton, who was in attendance on the deceased some time before his death, and who made a *post mortem* examination on the day of his death, it appeared that he died of abcess on the brain, which appeared to be the result of injuries received on the 14th of April last, while engaged in a row with a young man named John Lee and some other parties, on their way home from Tralee to Caherleheen. A verdict of "manslaughter" was returned against John Lee, who was committed on the coroner's warrant to stand his trial at the ensuing assizes.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

Kildare.

On the 18th May, at one o'clock in the day, as a farmer named Mullany was returning home from the usual monthly fair of Naas, accompanied by a servant, in a gig, they were stopped on the high-road, near Kill, by two men, one rather old, armed with a large pistol, the other a much younger person. The elder man set to work to beat both the farmer and his boy on their heads and faces with a pistol, or some other heavy weapon, evidently with a murderous intent, from the effects produced; and the younger man meanwhile was busily occupied looking for the farmer's pocket-book, which he succeeded in obtaining, when they both made off with the prize, for which they were, doubtless, in waiting. A few minutes after the occurrence a gentleman met the farmer on the road, driving into Kill, in a most pitiable state from the wounds inflicted on his head and face. Information of the robbery was given by the gentleman at the police-offices in Johnstown and Naas, within an hour after it occurred, and the police succeeded, by their active exertions, in detecting one of the perpetrators of the outrage. He was in fact under arrest by one of the force, but, owing to the aid rendered by some members of his family, he has escaped.

Kilkenny.

The northwest portion of our county and the adjoining districts of Tipperary and the Queen's County were visited by one of the most protracted and awe-inspiring thunderstorms that has been witnessed within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.—*Moderator.*

Limerick.

H. S. Keating, Q.C., the English Solicitor-General, is son of the late General Sheehy Keating, of Ballintubber, and nephew of Dr. Singer, Bishop of Meath. He was the successful parliamentary candidate at Reading, in opposition to Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, of Croom Castle, county Limerick.—*Chronicle.*

A country gentleman exposed some firkins of butter for sale in our market for which the highest price he was offered was £2 15s. This he refused, and brought the butter into Cork, where he received £3 7s. a firkin for it.—*Ibid.*

By the death of Darby O'Grady, Esq., formerly landing waiter, a pension of £740 a-year reverts to the crown.

Tipperary.

At the weekly meeting of the guardians of the Tipperary Union, among the applicants for admission were some blind boys, who probably were induced to apply from the circumstance of a previous board having advertised for tenders from parties willing to teach any blind inmates the fiddle or bagpipes! These were admitted. The tenders from the persons anxious to instruct the blind paupers on the fiddle and bagpipes, and to give these inmates an insight into the general theory of music, were laid before the board. One tender offered to teach the bagpipes four days each week for 15s., without diet, "to the satisfaction of the guardians, or any competent judge of music." Mr. Beary observed, that if the guardians had the fiddle and bagpipes taught it would relieve the ratepayers of £1,000 a year! He was aware that blind men in the village of Culleen earned £1 a week. A Guardian considered the board should rather set their faces against that system of Sabbath breaking — dancing on Sunday's — which they would be encouraging by giving such a profession to the poor. Mr. Ryan said that there was no greater source of demoralization than the Saturday night and Sabbath evening dances. Young boys and girls stole from their parent's potatoes and other commodities, and, perhaps, money, to pay their shilling or sixpence to join those dances. He thought the board should set their faces against any encouragement of such an immoral practice. Mr. Baker moved, and Mr. Ryan seconded a resolution that the consideration of the tenders should be adjourned *sine die*, which, after some further discussion, was agreed to.

On Tuesday a man named Delany, who was employed in the tan-yard of Mr. Smallman, of Roscrea, having entered the leather store of the concern, another man of the name of Querny took up in a playful manner a pistol which was lying on a shelf in part of the store, saying, at the same time, "Mr. Delany I'll shoot you," not knowing that the pistol was loaded, when unfortunately the pistol went off, and a ball which it contained struck the hip of Delany and turned into his side. Dr. Powell soon after extracted the ball, and considered that the man would recover, but, unfortunately, he sank rapidly, and died, adding another to the many victims who have lost their lives by the incautious use of fire-arms. A jury being impanelled, proceeded to the Court-house, which was crowded with spectators. Querny was in custody, and presented a pitiable appearance, being in a most distracted state. He had attempted to drown himself after hearing of the death of Delany. The jury returned a verdict "That deceased met his death by a pistol-shot accidentally discharged by Jeremiah Querny." The coroner then directed that Querny should be discharged from custody.

Mr. Mahon, superintendent of the works at St. Mary's Church, Clonmel, while the men were engaged in clearing away the rubbish at the foundation of the pillars discovered an excavation in which lay the skeleton of, it is supposed, an abbot or some high ecclesiastical dignitary. The bones were in their proper order. A small wooden cross of hard black wood was placed on the breast, which also bore traces of vestments; but these had from the ravages of time become a mere shadowy film covering the skeleton. The blanched bones of the feet were encased in strange, antique-looking leather shoes, reaching half way up the leg, and tied at top with a rosette.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

Gerald Fitzgerald, Esq., Sub-Sheriff, has received an order from the Lord Chief Justice, commuting the sentence of twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor, passed upon Edward Ryan, at last Tipperary Quarter Sessions for grievous assault, to six months' imprisonment from the date of his committal, remitting altogether the hard labor portion of the penalty.—*Ibid.*

The Sheriff having received the necessary writ, it is his intention to hold county courts for the purpose of carrying out the outlawry of Mr. James Sadleir, late M.P. for this county.—*Ibid.*

The *Limerick Reporter* says that the Bulls confirmatory of the nomination of the Most Rev. Dr. P. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, have been received from Rome, and the consecration of the Archbishop is shortly expected to take place.

Viscount Lismore expired at Shanbally Castle. He had been for a long time in extremely bad health. The deceased is succeeded in his title and estates by his son, the Hon. George Ponsonby O'Callaghan.

There has been a falling off in the number of inmates in the Nenagh workhouse of 215 since this time twelve months, and of 373 within the last two years.

Waterford.

For the taking out of the one hundred emigrants from the Workhouse there were three tenders before the Board—two of those had been before the Board on last day, but the decision of the Board on them had been postponed. The first tender was from Mr. Harvey for adults, at £5 14s.; children, £2 17s. 6d.; and infants free, taking them from Waterford, and supplying them with the usual bed and bedding and provisions, &c. From Mr. P. Maher, Liverpool, adults, £4 15s.; children, £2 19s. 6d., taking them from Liverpool. From Mr. J. Hinton, Wexford, at £5 5s. for adults, and £2 12s. 6d. for children, taking them from Waterford and being responsible for them to their shipment in Liverpool. Mr. Ryan contended that they could get passages for emigrants from Liverpool at £4, and, by so doing, they would save upwards of £100. Mr. Cadogan moved that Mr. Hinton's tender be accepted, which was seconded by Mr. Peet. Mr. Dillon moved that Mr. Maher's tender, not being in unison with the advertisement, should be rejected, which was done, and Messrs. Cadogan and Peet's motion put and carried.—*Chronicle.*

Westmeath.

A general court martial assembled at Mullingar, on the 16th ult., under the presidency of Lieutenant-Colonel Bedford, 60th Rifles, for the trial of Quartermaster J. Burke, of the depot battalion, on charges arising out of some disagreements between that officer and Major Warburton, the barrack master at Mullingar. The sentence has not transpired, but through an error in the finding her Majesty has not confirmed it, and Quartermaster Burke has been ordered to be restored to his duty.—*United Service Gazette.*

George Augustus Boyd, Esq., was the purchaser in the Incumbered Estates Court, of part of the Knight of Kerry's estate, in the county of Westmeath, for £12,325. Patrick Edward Murphy, Esq., was also purchaser of another portion of the same estate for £11,230.

Wexford.

The Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of the Earl of Bessborough, Lieutenant of the County, has appointed Captain Laurence Esmonde White, J. P. of Newlands, county Wexford, a magistrate also of the county of Carlow.

Irish Art.—The London *Times*, in its notices of paintings exhibited by the Royal Academy, thus criticises the works of our countrymen, Maclise and Mulready:

"We come to Mr. Maclise's 'Peter the Great Working as a Shipwright in the Dockyard of Deptford.' Mr. Maclise's power as a draughtsman is unequalled by any living artist. His readiness and resource in design are equally remarkable. He can fill up a picture with even lavish expenditure of accessories. He has a keen sense of the picturesque in incident, of the graceful in action, of the attractive in feature."

"Mulready's single work, 'The Young Brother,' is a sweet example of this most pure and conscientious of our painters. With a narrow range of color, and no great reach of invention, Mulready charms by perfection. He has found his style of subject and his favorite harmonies of colering, and he adheres to them. Here he is, as usual, at work among the sweet domesticities of daily life. A girl of fifteen stands with her back to the spectator, with an infant in her arms, while her brother, leaning forward, tickles the rosy ear of the little one, who crows and cowers away, its face, its body, its little twining hands all instinct with gleeful life. The bank on which the brother's hand is resting, a tree, with a few young spring leaves, a peep of simple distance, and a tender blue sky, with some flakes of white cloud, make up the whole. But the finish of every part, the drawing and modelling of the boy's hand, the rounding of the girl's neck and the play of light on her shoulders, the color, drawing, and composition of the rosy limbs and sweet innocent face of the child, the simple homely happiness of the three, with the appropriate setting of sky and landscape, combine to stamp on the picture the most precious characters of art and sentiment."

The following are the names of the Irish members who claim to be excused from serving on election committees on account of their being more than sixty years of age: John Boyd (Coleraine), Sir Charles H. Coote (Queen's County), Richard Davison (Belfast), John Isaac Heard (Kinsale), Wm. Kirk (Newry), George McCartney (Antrim County), Nicholas Power (Waterford County), Sir William Verner (Armagh County), and Colonel Henry White (Longford County).

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Diocese of Clogher.—The Very Rev. James Donnelly, D.D., late Professor in the Irish College, Paris, and well known as the eminently successful collector for the Catholic University, has been appointed by the Most Rev. Dr. Macnally, Lord Bishop of Clogher, to succeed the Rev. John Caulfield, deceased, as Parish Priest of Rosslea and Master of Conference in the ecclesiastical district of Clones. The following changes have taken place among the curates of the diocese of Clogher: The Rev. Thomas Macnally, late of Carrickmacross, has been appointed C.C. Clones. The Rev. Edward MacGloughlin, late of St. MacCartine's Seminary, Monaghan, has been appointed C.C. Enniskillen, to succeed Rev. Wm. Herbert, transferred as C.C. to the parish of Currin, where he replaces the Rev. Charles Macnally, now C.C. Killarney, Rev. Laurence O'Neill, late C.C. Aughamullen East, appointed C.C. Magheracoolmoney (Ederney), to succeed Rev. Cormac Smollen, removed as C.C. to the parish of Tydavnet. Mr. Smollen replaces Rev. Peter Macmahon, junior, transferred to the curacy of Donagh, vacated by Rev. Philip Connolly, now C.C., Carrickmacross. Rev. James Donegan removed from Donecavy (Fintone) to the curacy of Maguire's-bridge, to replace Rev. J. M'Kenna, appointed C.C. Clontibrit, where Mr. M'Kenna takes the place of Rev. Ardle Connolly, now C.C. Clones. Rev. John Smyth has been removed from Clones to the curacy of Derrygonnelly, to succeed Rev. Michael Carney, now C.C. Dromore. Rev. Patrick Maguire, late of the West Indies, appointed C.C., Magheracoolmoney (Ederney). Rev. James Carey, late of Pettigo, named C.C. Aughnamullen East. Of the Rev. John Macmanus and Rev. Thomas Murphy, lately ordained from Maynooth College, the latter has been appointed C.C. Meekna (Castleblaney), and the former, Mr. Macmanus, remains in St. MacCartin's Seminary, Monaghan.—*Dublin Freeman.*

The Mission at Inchicore.—The mission given by the Fathers O. M. I., which commenced on Sunday, the 19th April, in the chapel of the Immaculate Conception, Inchicore, terminated with a grand procession round the garden and grounds, in which the whole congregation joined. The large mission cross hitherto stationed on the platform in the church, was carried round and planted in a conspicuous place in the chapelyard as a memento of the mission. The crowds were so great on that occasion that it was found impossible to carry on the service in the interior of the church. A platform was, therefore, erected outside, which the Rev. Father Noble ascended, and delivered to the vast multitude an eloquent discourse, taking as his text, the words of St. Paul, "God forbid that I should glory in anything save the Cross of Jesus Christ and Him crucified." In the evening the ceremony of the renewal of the baptismal vows took place, when, if possible, the crowds were more numerous, notwithstanding the heavy rain that was falling there in the early part of the day. Altogether this mission has been attended with the most gratifying success. Although there were six Missionary Fathers in constant attendance from an early hour each morning until eleven o'clock at night, they could scarcely attend to all that crowded the confessionals and approached holy communion. The inhabitants of the locality, in order to testify their love for those pious Fathers, held a meeting in the school-rooms of the church; and as the Fathers could not receive any pecuniary reward from them, they determined to erect a monument over the remains of one of their brotherhood, the Rev. Gustavius Richards, who died on the second day of the mission, and also to purchase a canopy for the processions of the most Adorable Sacrament, to perpetuate the memory of the mission and the many spiritual advantages which they had derived from it.

Religious Profession.—On the 26th ult., Feast of St. Philip Neri, a solemn and edifying ceremony took place at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, our Lady's Mount, Harold's Cross, Dublin. The happy novices who on the occasion made their entire renunciation of the pleasures and vanities of the world, were Miss Wyse, daughter of the late Francis Wyse, Esq., of Rathcullen, county Waterford; Miss Caulfield, daughter of the late Wm. Caulfield, Esq., J. P. Levitstown, county Kildare, and Miss Gaynor, daughter of J. Gaynor, Esq., county Roscommon. His Grace Archbishop Cullen officiated, assisted by the Venerable the Archdeacon of Dublin, and a number of other clergymen. At the same time four young ladies were received as novices.

Reception of a Nun.—At the Convent of Mercy, Queenstown, Miss Dennehy received the white veil from the Rev. J. Cullinane, Catholic Administrator. Among the clergymen who assisted were the Rev. H. Dennehy, Queenstown; Reverends P. Lyons, Augustin Maguire, T. Mahony, and J. Burton, Cork.

Ballina.—The solemn ceremonies witnessed here on June 1st will not be effaced for many a long day from the recollections of the edified inhabitants of the rapidly rising town of Ballina, and its magnificently picturesque vicinity. Four highly accomplished young ladies, the Misses Lyons, nieces of the late Dean Lyons, Miss Lowe, of Roscommon, and Miss Scally, of Dublin, received the black veil at the hands of the venerable bishop, Dr. Feeney. The procession advanced from the sacristy to the high altar of the cathedral church immediately before twelve o'clock. Mass was celebrated by Rev. Mr. Gilvary, C.C. Directly after the first gospel Very Rev. Mr. O'Brien, President of St. Jarlath's College, ascended the pulpit, and proceeded to deliver to the most crowded congregation I ever beheld, a most thrilling discourse. The audience could not number less than seven thousand. The superb cathedral, scarcely, if at all, inferior to the world-famed cathedral of Tuam in area, was crowded almost to suffocation through its every foot of available space, and for many yards outside masses of men were literally wedged together in their anxiety to catch the enkindling words which fell from the learned preacher; the most remote in the immense auditory had the felicity to hear every single syllable that was uttered.

Death of the Rev. David Nolan, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.—The death of this pious and amiable ecclesiastic, which occurred on the 15th of May, at Moyne, county of Mayo, has cast gloom and sorrow over all his acquaintances. On Sunday, 17th ult., the last sad and solemn obsequies were celebrated with due observance of the touching ceremonies for the dead. The solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the parochial church of Killala, by the good and zealous pastor, Rev. Mr. Conway, assisted by as many of the clergy as could possibly attend. The concourse of mourners and sympathizers at the funeral, including his lordship, Right Rev. Dr. Feeny, and numbers of the clerry, was immense. The Catholic and Protestant gentry together with thousands of the humbler classes, accompanied the procession to the magnificent ruins of the Abbey of Moyne, which stands on the estuary of the Moy. The grave having been blessed by the Rev. Mr. Conway, the coffin was lowered into it amidst the profound grief of all assembled. After these touching rites were concluded, the vast assemblage slowly dispersed, having offered up their prayers for the eternal repose of the lamented deceased.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Ossory, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Walsh and Kavanagh, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to over 200 postulants of both sexes in the Church of St. Mary, James st. His lordship delivered an impressive and appropriate discourse on the occasion.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

Burial of the late Bishop Phelan.—On Thursday, the 11th instant, the mortal remains of the late Right Rev. Dr. Phelan were placed in the vault beneath the Cathedral. The funeral ceremonies were performed in the morning, commencing at half-past eight o'clock, and ending at twelve. The Cathedral was filled almost to suffocation—the solemnity of the occasion having drawn out a great number of the late Bishop's Protestant friends. On entering the spacious building one felt the intensity of the calamity which had thus brought so vast a congregation together. Every one seemed stricken with a deep and oppressive sorrow. The obsequies were performed by his Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, assisted by the Bishops of London, Hamilton, and Bytown, the Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, the Secretary to the Archbishop of Quebec, the Vicar-General of Hamilton, the Rev. Mr. Connolly of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, and by all the priests of the late Bishop's diocese, with some others we cannot name; in all numbering forty-four. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Kelly of Brockville, who evidently felt the solemnity and responsibility of the duty allotted him. The preacher commenced with a brilliant eulogium on the virtues of the deceased prelate—dwelt with force and truth on the success which had attended his labors in the diocese, and depicted in impressive language the loss which the Catholic Church had sustained, and the intensity of her grief. An Irishman himself he was capable of speaking with elegance and pathos of the condition of Erin's exiles some twenty years ago, and their position now. Mr. Kelly's discourse, which occupied about an hour and a half—wound up with an apostrophe to the remains of the late Bishop, which brought one back to the classic days of Greece and Rome. After the remaining ceremonies had been concluded, the Rev. Mr. Dollard ascended the pulpit, and stated that in consequence of the extreme wetness of the day no procession would take place; the coffin would remain in the Cathedral until six o'clock in the evening, when it would be privately interred. This was a great disappointment, for the procession was to be of an imposing character; and the country around had contributed its full quota of population to witness it. The day however was too wet, and so without this extra ceremony, the remains were quietly interred in the evening.—*Abridged from the Kingston Herald.*

Feast of Pentecost at St. Paul's.—On Sunday, the 14th of June, this festival was celebrated with great devotion in St. Paul's Church, Toronto. The altar was adorned in a most tasteful manner, and the Blessed Sacrament was exposed thereon a considerable part of the day, that the people might satisfy their pious desire to honor the adorable Heart of Jesus. There was also a solemn Benediction and Procession of the Most Holy Sacrament.—*Toronto Mirror.*

The Fourth of July at Loretto.—Arrangements are being at Loretto for a grand Fourth of July celebration, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the liquidation of the debt of the Church at that place. From what we are given to understand, there is every reason to believe that it will be a handsome affair. A dinner will be served up, speeches delivered, and sweet music discoursed.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

There were 36 persons confirmed in St. Peter's Church, New Richmond, by the Right Rev. Archbishop Purcel. The increase of Catholics in this thriving town may be judged of from the fact, that in 1850 there were only 27 Catholics, counting men, women and children in that congregation, and now there are 400 communicants. The school is well attended, and a new church will soon be necessary to accommodate the increasing Catholic population.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal held a confirmation in St. Patrick's Church on the 18th inst. There were 354 children confirmed.—*Montreal True Witness.*

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Wm. Cullen Macklin, Esq., to Maria Louisa, eldest daughter of Hugh O'Neill, Esq., late of the county Longford.

June 2, in London, John Parr, Esq., son of John G. Parr, of Clones, county Monaghan, to Jane Amelia, eldest daughter of the late John Carmichael, Esq., of Upper Temple street, Dublin.

May 28, at St. Mark's Church, Armagh, by the Ven. the Archdeacon of Emly, the Rev. W. B. Askin, to Lizzie, youngest daughter of Thos. Cuming, Esq., M.D., Armagh.

May 28, in the Church of Holy Trinity, Cork, Zachariah Burgh Cornock, Esq., second son of the Rev. Zachariah Cornock, of Cromwell's Fort, county Wexford, to Elizabeth Alicia, only daughter of Charles Huson, of Spring Field, in the same county.

June 4, at St. Peter's Church, Dublin, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Kildare, Thomas Bayley Hall, Esq., eldest son of Albert Hall, Esq., Ash Bank, Staleybridge, Cheshire, to Isabella C. Jelly, daughter of the late Rev. R. B. Jelly, Portarlington.

May 25, in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Paul, Arranquay, by the Rev. Bernard M'Donnell, C.C., Mr. Matthew Brown, of Grand Rapids, Detroit, Michigan, U.S., to Fanny, second daughter of the late Mr. James Tyrrell, of Stokestown, county Meath.

June 2, at Hacketstown Church, county Carlow, by the Rev. Edw. B. Scott, the Rev. Thos. H. Hatchell, to Eliza, only daughter of the Rev. William Scott, Rector of Hacketstown.

May 28, at Skull Church, by the Rev. Arthur Baldwin, uncle to the bridegroom, William Bennett Baldwin Esq., of Skibbereen, to Margaret Charlotte O'Callaghan' daughter of James O'Callaghan, Esq., of Rock Cottage'

DEATHS.

May 27, at 9 Upper Dominick street, Dublin, Richard S. W., third son of R. S. W. Hackett, Esq., 7th Lancashire Rifles.

May 29, at 24 Charlemont street, Dublin, Miss Margaret Dunne.

May 22, at the residence of his Grace the Archbishop of Armagh, in London, Caroline, the infant daughter of George Dunbar, Esq.

May 23, at Usher's Island, in the 70th year of his age, S. Wade, Esq.

May 31, of heart disease, Mr. Joseph M'Cormack, of Christchurch place, Dublin, age 32 years.

At Waterloo avenue, Island Bridge, Mr. Arthur Brew, aged 62 years.

May 28, at her residence, Harold's Cross, Catherine, the beloved wife of B. J. Lyner.

June 1, in Upper Leeson street, Dublin, aged three years, Martha Nevins, the beloved child of Henry Shaw, Esq.

June 4, at his residence, Capel street, Dublin, in his 31st year, Mr. Jeremiah J. Fleming, of rheumatic fever.

At his residence, Upton House, the Rev. Somers Payne, Rector of Ballinadee, aged 72 years.

May 30, at Mill street, Mrs. Margaret Andres, aged 48.

April 2, at Madras, Eliza Frances, wife of the Rev. Wm. Gray, Vice-President of the Doveton College, and daughter of the Rev. Francis Jones, Rector of Middleton.

May 23, at Baltinglas, Mr. John Kehoe, aged 77.

May 3, suddenly, at his residence, Clonkeran, in the county of Kildare, Mr. James Boylan, sincerely and deservedly regretted.

May 27, at the advanced age of 100, Maryann, relict of T. Wilson, Esq., of Rathsallagh, county Wicklow.

May 22, at Ardenwood Mills, Ballymore Eustace, county Kildare, Henry S. Homan, Esq., aged 69.

May 23, the Venerable Wm. Leahy, Archdeacon of Killala, and Rector of Moylough.

May 24, at Milltown House, Dungannon, Robert M'Clelland, Esq., aged 48.

May 31, at Ballyward, county Wicklow, Wm. Finnemor, Esq., aged 70.

March 14, at Melbourne, Australia, after a short illness, Robert Evans, Esq., formerly of Limerick.

May 29, at his seat, Birchfield, Cornelius O'Brien, Esq., aged 77 years, for many years a representative in parliament of the county Clare.

May 28, at his seat, Aghmartha Castle, county Cork, after a lingering illness, Darby O'Grady, Esq., brother of the first Lord Viscount Guillamore.

May 28, at an advanced age, in London, Sarah, Dowager Lady Dillon Massy, relict of Sir Hugh Dillon Massy, Bart., D.L., of Doonass House, county Clare.

March 27, at Calcutta, Arthur Fforde, Esq., fourth son of the late James Fforde, Esq., of Ranghlan, county Armagh.

May 25, in Dundalk, Mr. Michael Caraher, an old and esteemed inhabitant.

May 23, at Parlington, Mrs. Susan Hamilton, of Bertie Terrace, Leamington, relict of Rev. Hans Hamilton, formerly Rector of Knocktopher, in the diocese of Ossory, and daughter of the late Right Hon. Silver Oliver, of Castle Oliver, in the county of Limerick.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE KING OF ROME'S PALACE.—Soon after the birth of the young Napoleon, his father had the intention of building a superb palace nearly opposite the bridge of Teana. It was to be called *the King of Rome's Palace*. The government bought up all the houses situated on the ground which had been chosen. It so happened that, on the very spot which was to form the extreme right of the grand facade, there stood a little house which, with the lot on which it was built, might have been worth about a thousand francs. It belonged to a poor cooper. The proprietor asked ten thousand for it. Napoleon immediately ordered that sum to be paid. When the government agents went to conclude the bargain the owner told them that, on second thoughts, he could not take less than *thirty* thousand francs. This was reported to Napoleon who ordered the thirty thousand francs to be paid. But on their return, they found that the cooper had raised his demand to *forty* thousand francs. The architect was much embarrassed, and knew not well how to act. He feared to annoy the Emperor any more on such a subject, and yet knew that he must be told. He went to him again with his strange report. "The fellow is imposing on us," the Emperor said, "but I do not see how we can help ourselves. Go and pay him what he asks." The architect went his way back to the cooper, who this time stood out for fifty thousand francs. Napoleon, hearing this, was very angry, and said: "Let the wretch keep his house: I'll have nothing to do with it. It shall remain a standing proof of my respect for the laws." The foundations of the future palace have since been raised. The cooper's shed went to ruin, and its owner removed to Passy, where he dragged on a miserable existence, living by the labor of his hands.

MALACCA IN 1618. — At that time Malacca was in a most flourishing state, though scarcely a vestige of its prosperity remains in our time. Father Rhodes, the eminent Missioner, powerfully describes the "fine city — the strong fortress—the beautiful churches—the numerous monasteries, and the Jesuits' College, in which," he assures us, "there were several eminent men, *des grands personnages.*" A very favorable impression seems to have been made on our Missioner's mind by Malacca. He extols the fruitfulness of the soil, the flavor of the fruits and other vegetable productions, and the enchanting beauty of the scenery, decorated with rich and noble forests. He makes an interesting remark on the cocoa tree in this place. It is a philanthropic plant. It is only where human beings nestle under its foliage that this tree thrives; in the absence of man it declines and withers, as, if it were, mourning his absence. "Whether it be the breath of man," says Father Rhodes, "or some secret influence concealed by nature from our observation which produces this effect, I cannot say." In the tropics the cocoa tree is the inseparable companion of man; its filaments clothe him—its fruits feed him, and its milk quenches his thirst. To the Malay this tree is as necessary as the camel to the Arab—or the reindeer to the Laplander. Father Rhodes' narrative proves that the Asiatic nations in the seventeenth century were more powerful, rich, and civilized, than in our times, and that the Catholic Church had flourishing missions in the islands of India and the centre of Asia, where we find at present scarcely a vestige of Christianity.

AN INCIDENT OF BALAKLAVA.—When the Light Brigade was preparing for action, the butcher of the 17th Lancers, who had just been performing his office, slaughtering sheep and oxen, made his appearance in the field, without coat and waistcoat, his shirt sleeves rolled up, and his arms and face smeared with blood—a grotesque and terrible figure. He mounted a powerful charger and rode up to his troop. He had no business there, but the prospect of a bloody fray was too strong to be resisted. He seized two sabres, deliberately examined the temper and edges of the blades, selected the sharpest, and threw the other aside. He then, with equal coolness, took a short black pipe, charged it, lighted it, placed it in his mouth, and, settling himself in the saddle, rode with the "six hundred" into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This man was seen amongst the Russian batteries, sabreing the gunners right and left, slaying with his own hand at least six of the enemy, cutting his way in the retreat through the swarms of Russian cavalry which vainly sought to intercept the remnant of the gallant band, and, wonderful to relate, he rode back, still smoking his pipe as coolly as if nothing had happened.

CHEESE FROM POTATOES.—Cheese of an extremely fine quality is manufactured from potatoes in Thuringia, and part of Saxony, in the following manner: "After having collected a quantity of potatoes, of a good quality, giving the preference to the large white kind, they are boiled in a caldron, and when cool, are reduced to a pulp, either by means of a grater or a mortar. To five pounds of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added a pound of sour milk and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together, and the mixture covered up, and allowed to remain for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded again, and formed into cheeses which are placed in little baskets, where superfluous moisture is allowed to escape. They are then allowed to dry in the shade, and placed in layers in large pots or vessels, where they must remain for fifteen days. The older these cheeses are, the more their quality improves. Two kinds are made.

PETER THE HERMIT.—It is difficult to fix limits to human achievements, when aided by the power of eloquence. The celebrated Peter the Hermit, having made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, towards the close of the eleventh century, was deeply impressed with the oppression sustained by the Christains from the Turks, and resolved to make an effort to rouse the western nations to arms in their behalf. The appearance of Peter was mean, his stature small, his body meagre, and his countenance shrivelled; but, with these disadvantages, he had a keen and lively eye, and a ready eloquence. Being encouraged by Pope Urban II., he travelled as a missionary through the provinces of Italy and France. He rode on an ass; his head and feet were naked, and he bore a weighty crucifix. He prayed frequently, fed on bread and water, gave away in alms all that he received, and, by his saintly demeanor and fervid address, drew innumerable crowds of all ranks to listen to his preaching. When he painted the indignities offered to the true believers at the birthplace and sepulchre of the Savior, every heart was melted to compassion, and animated to revenge. His success was such as might be expected from the rude enthusiasm and martial spirit of the age; and Peter soon collected an army of sixty thousand followers, with which he proceeded towards Jerusalem.

SCOTT AND THE AMERICAN AUTHORESS.—"One morning," said Scott, "I opened a huge lump of a despatch, without looking to know how it was addressed, never doubting that it had travelled under some omnipotent frank, like the first lord admiralty's, when, lo and behold, the contents proved to be a manuscript play, by a young lady of New York, who kindly requested me to read and correct it, equip it with prologue and epilogue, procure for it a favorable reception from the manager of Drury Lane, and make Murray or Constable bleed handsomely for the copyright; and, inspecting the cover, I found that I had been charged five pounds odd for the postage. This was bad enough; but there was no help, so I groaned and submitted. A fortnight or so after, another packet, of not less formidable bulk, arrived, and I was absent enough to break its seal too, without examination. Conceive my horror, when out jumped the same identical tragedy of the Cherokee Lovers, with a second epistle from the authoress, stating that, as the winds had been boisterous, she feared the vessel intrusted with her former communication might have foundered, and therefore judged it prudent to forward a duplicate."

STEELE'S SERVANTS.—Sir Richard Steele having one day invited to his house a great number of persons of the first quality, they were surprised at the number of liveries which surrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had set them free from the observation of rigid ceremony, one of them inquired of Sir Richard how such an extensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune. Sir Richard frankly confessed that they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid; and being then asked why he did not discharge them, he declared that "they were bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an execution, and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they staid." His friends were diverted by the expedient, and, by paying the debt, discharged their attendance; having obliged Sir Richard to promise that they should never again find him graced with a retinue of the same kind.

A FRENCH DIVORCE CASE.—Young ladies of a romantic turn of mind, may derive some wholesome experience of the misery which awaits ill-assorted matches, from a case now before the Paris tribunals, in which a Madame Chabre seeks to be divorced from her husband, Monsieur Chabre, *alias* "Lightning." The lady is the daughter of a noble Belgian family, and was some years ago possessed of beauty, youth, and £7,200 sterling. It happened that, while visiting the famous circus of M. Dijean at Brussels, she fell in love with the clown of his establishment. She followed the interesting object of her passion to Paris, where she and Lightning were united in the holy bands of matrimony. But the ungrateful clown, after spending the property brought to him by his romantic wife, deserted the latter, and flashed away with a young lady connected with Franconi's, whose talents in jumping through paper hoops captivated his practical mind.

EDINBURGH.—"It is hard (says Father Faber) to live amongst the icebergs, and not to feel cold." Here, in the "Geneva of the North," what can we do to keep the Month of Mary? Not much, it is true, but what we can we do. As your Aberdeen correspondent last week informed us of six altars there, decorated in honor of Our Lady, so here, in Edinburgh and the environs, we can count above double that number so crowned. At my own church, St. Mary's, Broughton street, we have every morning musical Mass, followed by Benediction, and attended by a large throng of worshippers. I believe every church and chapel does the like, or something similar."

RIGHT BUT BACKWARDS.—"Glad to see you, Monsieur Cuvier," said one of the 40 of the French Academy, "we have just finished a definition, which we think quite satisfactory, but upon which we would like to have your opinion. We have been defining the word crab, and have explained it thus: 'Crab, a small red fish, which walks backwards.'" "Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier, "only I will make one small observation in natural history: the crab is not a fish—it is not red—and does not walk backwards. With these exceptions, your definition is excellent."

THE MURRAIN AMONG THE CATTLE.—A bill has been introduced by Mr. Bentinck and Mr. Stafford to amend the acts to prevent a spreading of diseases among sheep and cattle. It enacts the following clause—namely, that "from and after the passing of this act any person exposing or bringing, or attempting to expose or bring, any horse, ox, bull, cow, calf, or other horned cattle, sheep, lamb, or other animal, into any market, fair, or other open or public place where animals are commonly exposed for sale, knowing such animal to be infected, shall, on conviction of any such offence, forfeit and pay any sum not exceeding £20."

THE HEART OF HENRY II.—The town of Orleans has paid a graceful compliment to England. Its municipal council, profiting by the presence of his lordship Dr. Gillis, Roman Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh, has presented him with the heart of Henry II. of England, with the desire that he may offer the same to the British Government in the name of the town of Orleans. Henry II., it is scarcely necessary to say, died at Chinon, and was buried at Fontevrault; his heart, enclosed in a iron urn, fell, during the Revolution, into the hands of a collector of curiosities, who presented it to the museum of Orleans.

TWO WOMEN YOKED IN A PLOUGH.—A very unusual sight attracted the attention of the railway passengers while the trains were passing through Bishopton of Moss. It was that of two females yoked in a plough, which was guided by an ungallant male, who held the stilts. The only way for accounting for this eccentric proceeding is the suggestion that the land, which is newly reclaimed, is too light to admit of horses being employed.—*Greenock Advertiser.*

The London *Advertiser* states a fact which shows that men occupying prominent positions are not above the need of the most elementary instruction. It says a candidate for Parliament at the recent election, in the course of an electioneering speech, was asked, "What do you think of the Decalogue?" Confounded by the inquiry, he turned to a friend, and asked in a whisper, "What does that mean?" The friend, whose acquaintance with divinity was on a par with his own, replied by suggesting that it probably meant flogging in the army. Whereupon the candidate declared: "I entirely disapprove of the Decalogue, and will never rest till I see it abolished." The gentleman was elected and is now a member of the new Parliament. The *Advertiser* adds: "We pledge ourselves for the perfect accuracy of this statement."

When Sheridan was in distress, in early life, one of his resources was that of writing for the fugitive publications of the day, in which he was materially assisted by his wife; and many years after his entrance into the spheres of politics, he was heard to say that, "if he had stuck to the law, he believed he should have done as much as his friend Tom Erskine; but," continued he, "I had no time for such studies. Mrs. Sheridan and myself were often obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton; otherwise we should have had no dinner." One of his friends, to whom he confessed this, wittily replied, "Then I perceive it was a *joint* concern."

The large new floating landing-stage which is being constructed at the cost of the Liverpool corporation for the accommodation of sea-going steamers is all but completed. When finished it will be 1,002 feet long, or nearly three times longer than the United States' frigate Niagara, and 82 feet wide; and communication will be obtained with the shore by means of four cast iron bridges, each of which is 113 feet long, and thirteen feet six inches wide from side to side. The bridges are constructed with ordinary tubular girders, on the principle of those forming part of the Britannia bridge.

Hats were first used, it is said, in 1400. Hatters, however, date their origin much farther back. They say that while St. Clement IV. was flying from his enemies, his feet became blistered, in consequence of which he was obliged to put wool between the soles of his feet and the sandals which he wore. The consequence was that by the motion and moisture the wool became completely "felted" as if wrought on purpose, and hence say the trade the origin of hats to the time of the public entrance of Charles II. into Rouen in 1449.

In one of the rural districts in England, a solicitor was assaulted by a lady, who spit on him and called him a liar and a coward; and when he brought her before the Court, she said in her own defence that he had paid his addresses to her for ten years, and had afterwards pretended it was but for pastime. She avowed that she had "taken the law into her own hands; that she wanted to get a stick to thrash him with—and failing in that took the course she did." She was fined three pounds.

The claim of Lord Talbot to the earldom of Shrewsbury is now at length fairly before the House of Lords, and will come on for hearing at the earliest possible opportunity. As it directly involves the first and oldest earldom in the land, and indirectly affects estates of the annual value of £40,000, the Shrewsbury case will rival in interest and importance the great Douglas and Berkeley cases.

We have seen it stated that Mr. John O'Shannessy, the head of the new Australian ministry, is a native of Cork. This is a mistake; the distinguished Irishman, whose energy, industry and talent, have raised him to the exalted position he enjoys, is a Tipperary man, and is a near relative of the Rev. Edmond O'Shaughnessy, the respected Parish Priest of Drangan.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

It is stated that the Maelstrom, or terrible vortex on the coast of Norway, which the school geographies represent as being so powerful that ships, and even whales, are drawn into its eddy and sunk, has no existence. A nautical and scientific commission found the sea where the whirlpool was said to be, as smooth as any other part of the German Ocean.

The transcript of Magna Charta, now in the British Museum, was discovered by Sir Robert Cotton in the possession of his tailor, who was just about to cut the precious document out into "measures" for his customers. Sir Robert redeemed the valuable curiosity at the price of old parchment, and thus recovered what had long been supposed to be irretrievably lost.

When Dr. Johnson's Rambler was first published, the sale was very inconsiderable, and seldom exceeded five hundred. It is a remarkable and curious *trait* of the age, that the only paper which had a prosperous sale, and may be said to have been popular, was one which Dr. Johnson did not write. This was No. 97, which was said to have been written by Richardson.

A parliamentary return gives the names of all the officers who were present with the army in the Crimea throughout the war, together with the particulars of the arrival and departure of those who left or arrived during the occupation of the Crimea by the allies. The number of officers who remained the whole time is 231.

A scheme has been set on foot in London to establish an institution called "The St. James Refuge and House of Pentitents" for the reformation of fallen women of a class superior to those who find their way to the refuges and penitentiaries now in existence. Several ladies of rank and influence support the project.

The *Journal de Constantinople* states that the Isle of Perim, which has been taken possession of by the East India Company, in virtue of the treaty with the Chiefs of Berbera, legitimately belongs to Turkey, and that the Chiefs who pretend to have sold it are nothing more than a band of pirates.

Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick, in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope *your* house is insured."

The first encore on record was that given to Livius Andronicus, a Roman actor, who, according to Valerius Maximus, was called back so often to repeat his speeches, that he, in self-defence, brought a boy to declaim for him, while he himself supplied the gesture.

A certain grave-digger, not a hundred miles from Dunblane, complaining of want of employment during the recent period of prevailing good health throughout the district, remarked that "he had not buried a livin' soul for the last three weeks, except a sma' scart o' a bairn.

A rogue has been caught in Paris, who made money by dirtying ladies' dresses as they got into cabs, and then cleaning them very nicely afterwards. He was always well paid by the grateful fair ones; but the police watched him, and stopped his game.

A letter from Jerusalem states that the number of pilgrims which the fete of Easter has collected together this year from all Christian countries amounted to 15,000, so that the city was completely full.

The *Athenæum* has an article showing that nearly 200 pages of the sixth volume of Sir A. Alison's History of Europe are copied, with very slight verbal alterations, from Mr. Kay's work on Affghanistan.

An order arrived at Chatham garrison directing the respective depots to join the service companies of the corps in India. One thousand bayonets will be added to their strength by this order.

The Manchester *Guardian* suggests a memorial to government, asking them to organize an expedition, with Dr. Livingston at the head of it, to explore the Zambese river and all the adjacent plains.

Thirty-eight young Dutch foxes have been embarked at Bergen op Zoom for England, where they are to be placed in the royal plantations in the Isle of Wight.

It is said that a great number of the Hungarian political refugees located in London have applied for passports at the Austrian Legation, having embraced the Emperor's act of clemency.

The scarcity of houses is so great at Vienna, that, according to the Austrian *Gazette*, a large number of families are without shelter. Many are lodged in prisons and ships.

Louis XVI. was presented with an epitaph on Moliere by an indifferent poet. "I would rather," said his majesty, "that Moliere had brought me yours."

The water, such as it is, supplied by the water companies to the London parks, has hitherto cost the government £1,000 a year.

Children's gardens are now the fashion in Germany, and have been successfully introduced into London. A good fashion truly.

The banns of marriage of Prince Oscar and the Princess of Nassau have been published in all the churches of Stockholm.

In an old French dictionary, *liberty* is described to be *a word of three syllables*. The lexicographer does not venture further.

The army in Ireland, on the 1st of May, comprised a total rank and file of 20,700, and a general total of all arms, 25,539.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Gertrude of Wyoming.—Some fourteen or fifteen years after the publication of Gertrude, Campbell found himself engaged in a correspondence with the son of Brandt, the Indian chief, [who was presented by the poet as the leader of a savage party, whose ferocity gave to war more than its own horrors. Campbell had abused him, almost in the language of an American newspaper:

"The mammoth comes, the foe, the monster Brandt,
With all his howling, desolating band."

It was rather a serious moment when a gentleman with an English name called on Campbell, demanding on the part of the son of Brandt, some explanation of this language, as applied to his father. A long letter from Campbell is printed in Stone's Life of Brandt, addressed to the Mohawk chief, *Ahyonwalga*, commonly called John Brandt, Esq., of the Red River, Upper Canada, in which he states the various authorities which had misled him into the belief of the truth of the incidents on which his motion of Brandt's character was founded, and which, it seems, misrepresented it altogether. It was, no doubt, a strange scene, and the poet could with some truth say, and with some pride, too, that when he wrote his poem, it was unlikely that he should ever have contemplated the case of the son or daughter of an Indian chief being affected by its contents. He promises in future editions to correct the involuntary error, and he does so by saying, in a note, that the Brandt of the poem is a pure and declared character of fiction. This does not satisfy Mr. Stone's sense of justice, who would have the tomahawk applied to the offending rhyme, and who thinks anything less than this is a repetition of the offence.

The Washington Monument.—Any attempt to finish the Washington Monument would, in our opinion, be an absurd and ridiculous waste of money. Should it be finished according to the original plan, it would only be a monument of the total want of taste in those who projected it, and those who contributed their money to build it. It is and would be, unfinished or finished, a monstrous abortion, there is one purpose, and a national one, too, for which it is admirably adapted, and which its present unfinished state fits it for serving so much the better. Let it stand just as it is—a monument of the Know-Nothing party. To fit it exactly for that purpose, nothing is needed but a change of name.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Reported Homicide by a Son of Henry Clay.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* contains a report that a quarrel took place at Lexington, Kentucky, between John Clay, Esq., a son of the departed statesman, and a horse-trainer named Edgar. High words passed between the parties, and led finally to a personal encounter, when Clay drew a revolver and fired twice at Edgar. Edgar is reported mortally wounded, and is, perhaps, dead before this time. Clay immediately left Lexington, and has not been heard from since.

A Melancholy Sell.—The Rochester *Union* says, that two men who were run over by a train of cars on the Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad, near Highspire, Pa., on the third inst., had a large amount of bank notes upon their persons, which led the people of Highspire to think them wealthy; they accordingly sent for two very expensive coffins, and after the bodies were buried it was discovered that the persons were thieves, and the bank notes counterfeit.

Troops for Utah.—The force destined for the conquest and re-annexation of Utah will consist of about 2,500 men. The command will concentrate at Fort Leavenworth as soon as practicable, and will move westward as soon as the subsidence of the June floods shall render the passage of the rivers practicable. Col. Sumner and 2d Dragoons will accompany the expedition.

The Defunct Know-Nothing Party.—The Democracy of Virginia have followed the example of their brethren of the Keystone, and put the last nail in the coffin of Know-Nothingism, in their State. The Richmond *Whig*, the able but mistaken advocate of the proscriptive policy of "Americanism," gives it the *coup de grace*, by advising the party to disband, as it is powerless to do any good.

Trotting against Time.—An exciting and somewhat remarkable race came off near Manchester, New Hampshire, on the 29th ult. A horse, owned by James Perkins, of New Market, New Hampshire, was trotted around the half-mile track twenty times in thirty-five minutes and eight seconds. The track was very muddy, but the work was accomplished with the greatest ease.

The Coming Harvest.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* estimates that the harvest of 1857 will yield in the States of Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, 205,000,000 bushels of corn; 29,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 2,000,000 tons of hay. Adding the crop of oats, which will amount in those States to 30,000 bushels, the value of the staple crops of Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, for the year 1857 will be great.

A Prolific Cow.—A farmer named Thomas Morrison, of Bankhead, Canada East, writes to the editor of the Toronto *Colonist*, that he has a cow, eight years old in April, which has produced 20 calves.

The Value of Lobby Services. — Nahum F. Bryant, of Barre, has recovered $648 72 from the Boston and Maine Railroad, for the lobby services which he rendered in and around the Legislature of 1856, in behalf of that Company.

The Hudson.—This river has frequently been pronounced the most beautiful in the world; and certainly, no other presents so rare a combination of extremes—lofty mountains, in all their original wildness; miles of palisades; country-seats and villas of extreme beauty; valleys glowing with luxuriant farms and meadows; and every variety of vessel skimming the stream.

A Good Shot.—The Sandusky *Register* reports a shot made by a Mr. Smith, with a slug ball, in a rifle with one of Ray's patent sights, at a distance of one hundred and twenty rods. He stood on an elevation of twenty feet, and killed two wild geese, and one canvas back duck, which were at that distance from him on the ice.

The Contents of the Swivel.—The brass swivel captured by the Marines from the Washington rioters, had its charge drawn the day after, at the City Hall. It was composed of eight paving stones, a large number of rifle balls, buck and swan shot, &c., weighing altogether from ten to twelve pounds!

A Legal Joke.—"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, who had been admitted about a year, "how do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied with a brief sigh to suit the occasion—"My profession is much better than my practice."

How to Subdue Mobs.—The Albany *Journal* advocates the employment of fire engines in quelling riots, in preference to the use of balls and bayonets. This plan, if followed, would certainly "throw cold water" upon the rage of a mob.

Horses.—A person in Lynn, Massachusetts, has received the skin of the celebrated trotting mare Lady Suffolk. It will shortly be set up in a lifelike manner.

Small by Degrees.—At the Know-Nothing Convention recently held at Lancaster, it is said that but fifty-two delegates were present, twenty-two of whom were from Philadelphia.

Many years since, when the late Lieutenant Governor Phillips, of Andover, Massachusetts, was a student at Harvard College, owing to some boyish freak, he left the university, and went home. His father was a very grave man, of sound mind, strict judgment, and of few words. He inquired into the business, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast he said, speaking to his wife, "My dear, have you any cloth in the house suitable to make Sam a frock and trousers?" She replied, "Yes." "Well," said the old gentleman, "follow me, my son." Samuel kept pace with his father, as he leisurely walked near the common, and at length ventured to ask, "What are you going to do with me, father?" "I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith," replied Mr. Phillips. "Take your choice, return to college, or you must work." "I had rather return," said the son. He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became a respectable man. If all parents were like Mr. Phillips, the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a plentiful supply of blacksmiths.

The remains of a young lady who died of consumption, nine years ago,, at Ephratah, Pa., were exhumed lately, for a purpose too monstrous as almost to surpass belief. Since her death, her mother, two sisters, and two brothers have died of the same disease. The surviving members of the family, who are "Spiritualists," became convinced that the winding sheet of the corpse had got into her mouth, and that by a continued suction, she had actually drawn the other five members of the family after her; and that unless this winding sheet was speedily removed from the mouth of the corpse, she would, in like manner, cause the premature death of the whole connection! Hence the exhuming of the body.

A grave member of the lower House of Congress, from the venerable State of North Carolina, and from a district which included the county of Buncombe, (in which county he resided,) whose style of speaking produced a very common effect of driving the members from the hall, and all that, was one day addressing the House, when, as usual, the coughing and sneezing commenced, and the members began leaving. He paused a while, and assured the House that there need be no uneasiness on their part, and that for himself it mattered not how many left, for he was not speaking to the House, but to *Bunkum*. It is now understood to mean the constituent body, in congressional parlance.

Walker, as if to render not only himself but the American name as odious as possible, as if to give to the Central Americans and all other Americans the most serious warning against ever again inviting foreigners to intervene in their quarrels or fillibusters to land upon their shores, the cities which he was unable to hold he destroyed, marking the line of his retreat with frightful ruins. As to the length of the defence he made, that was owing, as everybody knows, not to himself, but to General Henningsen; while both of them own their escape with their lives not to any strategy of their own, but purely and simply to the intervention of Captain Davis, acting under orders from Washington.

It appears that the comet did not altogether disappoint the world. Something very like a comet made a descent in Oneida County, in this State, and played some fantastic and fatal tricks. The story is well authenticated, strange as it appears, and is further corroborated by a despatch announcing the death of another of the injured party.

Nature designed the heart to be always warm, and the hand to be often open.

The dinner table at the late railroad festival in Memphis was nearly three-quarters of a mile long, and had on it eight thousand plates and dishes, two thousand five hundred pounds of beef and mutton, seventy-two hams, sixty pigs, one hundred and twenty-five turkeys, four hundred chickens, one hundred and eighty beef tongues, ten barrels potatoes, eighteen baskets salad, twelve barrels ice butter, five hundred pounds cake, besides raisons, almonds, oranges, &c. Some fifteen to twenty thousand persons partook of the dinner.

We do not believe that there is in the United States any body of men, with means so limited, that does one-tenth as much for literature as the Catholics. After doing their share as taxpayers, for the support of the State schools and the education of Protestant and infidel children, they keep up as good colleges and better female academies, than can be found in the country, day-schools and free-schools, and give employment to a great many vast publishing houses, in all the great cities of the Union.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

The young lady who suddenly disappeared from Ashland, Greene County, and upon whose account there was considerable alarm among her friends for fear that she had been foully dealt with, is not altogether clear yet, but she is still alive, and was seen at Catskill in company with a married man, who had also "mysteriously disappeared" from a wife and several children living at Ashland.

The Worcester *Spy* speaks of the Know-Nothings as an "infamous set of political desperadoes, who have impoverished the commonwealth by their unscrupulous plunder of the public treasury, and whose legislative course have made Massachusetts a reproach to her own people, and a disgrace in the eyes of her sister States."

Queer things happen sometimes, even in Lunatic Asylums. A rough fellow passed the Worcester establishment, noticed at the window an old acquaintance, and bawled out to him, "Hello, old fellow, what are you in for?" "Voting for Fillmore!" was the prompt reply. The inquirer sloped—he had probably done it himself.

Recent heavy rains having produced a sudden rise in the Alleghany river, caused considerable destruction of property that was afloat. An immense fleet of coal and metal boats, and rafts broke from their moorings, a large portion of which were destroyed. Loss estimated at $40,000 to $50,000.

A Republican editor in Claremont, N. H., has sued another for slander, laying his damages at $3,000. The Nashau *Gazette* thinks editors must be rich up in that part of the country. To sue an editor in these parts for such a sum would be considered proof of insanity, or a desire to create a "sensation."

James Mattice, missing from Blenheim, N. Y., returned after a fortnight's absence, and found a numerous company of his friends, with hoe, spade, and shovel, assiduously removing the brush, logs, and muck in the recesses of a dismal swamp, as directed by a female fortune teller.

The colored firemen of Savannah had a grand public procession there on the 4th inst. There were ten companies altogether, 800 men, with their engines and hose carts tastefully decorated with flowers and wreaths. They were reviewed by the chief engineer, and the mayor and aldermen.

The folly and childishness of young men who have occupied the chair editorial of a political paper for a month or two, and who, with the fresh exuberance of youthful ambition attempt to "play politics" somewhat as children "play school," is admirably hit off in a recent number of the *Pennsylvanian*.

The Chicago *Tribune* says that rents are declining in that city, and that several tenements, for which grasping landlords asked exorbitant rent, now stand vacant, or have been rented under last year's prices. Real estate in Chicago is mortgaged to the extent of over ninety millions of dollars.

The four heaviest members of the New Hampshire Legislature foot up as follows: 250 lbs., 231 lbs., 222 lbs., 210 lbs.; total, 913 lbs. The Manchester *American* throws out the remark, that "if any boarding-house keeper thinks he can afford either of them a dinner short of 75 cents—let him try it."

A few miles south of Greencastle, Putnam County, Ind., there is a family of six, all having the same birthday. The father and mother are each 35 years old, the children respectively, 14, 11, 8 and 5 years old. Their birthdays come on the 7th of May.

When you see an old man amiable, mild, equable, content, and good-humored, be sure that in his youth he has been just generous and forbearing. In his end he does not lament the past, nor dread the future: he is like the evening of a fine day.

The crop news continues to improve, and from almost every quarter, the intelligence is of the most improving character. Notwithstanding the backward spring the leading crops, including wheat, will mature as early as usual.

A most distressing case of family affliction occurred at Portpeswick lately. Five children of a Mr. John Anderson were taken from him by death, in the very brief period of 14 days. The disease was soar throat.

Lae Cronica, of Costa Rica, makes a semi-official denial of the reports current in the United States, that Costa Rica is active in planning and promoting the partition of Nicaragua.

The Sandy Hill *Herald* relates that a gentleman residing in the town of Granville, Washington County, died recently, and willed his wife a handsome sum, stipulating that in case she marries again the sum was to be doubled.

It is remarkable that no female has ever been a good composer of music. They have excelled in astronomy, chemistry, and other sciences, but no one can point out a good original music composer amongst them.

The North Alabama *Register* notices the advent of eight different varieties of little birds heretofore strangers in that climate and part of the country, which were exceedingly tame and gentle.

The *National Intelligencer* received lately from the venerable John Johnston, of Cincinnati, an officer of the government as far back as Jefferson's administration, the remittance of his fifty-fifth year's subscription.

A gentleman who has paid particular attention to meteorological matters, informs the Cincinnati *Gazette*, that more rain has fallen since April 1st, than during the entire twelve months previous.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "We learn from various parts of Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, that there is every appearance of our having the heaviest crop of peaches ever known.

Two hundred and ninety-five loaves of bread were seized in Montreal last week for light weight, and distributed among charitable institutions of the city. This is turning dishonesty to good account.

According to reliable authority, 854 is the number of banks whose notes are known to be altered or counterfeited. This is nearly two-thirds of the issues of all the banks in the Union.

A Swiss colony advertises for 25,000 acres of land in Missouri, upon which they propose to settle, with $100,000 capital. They will go largely into the grape culture.

St. Paul, Minnesota, is so crowded with people that the papers warn strangers that there is not a particle of elbow room at the table or foot room in the chambers of their hotels.

Consumption, the great scourge by which so many are doomed to a premature grave, could, in many cases, be effectually cured by simple remedies, if taken in season.

Large, fully ripe onions of the present season's growth are in market in Cleveland, all the way from Louisiana, and retail at only $1 per peck!

Tobacconists are now using prussic acid to give an almond flavor to the leaf, and in consequence of this poison, a number of smokers have lost the use of their limbs.

The Governor of Michigan, has sent a thousand dollars to Kansas, to relieve the destitute there, while in the northern counties of Michigan the people have been starving to death.

An idea of the amount of letter writing in the United States may be inferred by the number of postage stamps sold, which, during the last year, was one hundred and fifty millions.

The Chicago and Cincinnati Railroad will be opened from Richmond to Logansport on the 1st of July.

Five of the Plug Uglies who went from Baltimore to break up the election in Washington have died of their wounds.

It has been decided by a western court that a clergyman may marry himself. This is a fee saving process at all events.

A man being sympathized with on account of his wife's running away, said, don't pity me until she comes back.

In August, the people of Iowa are to vote on the question of allowing negroes to vote in the elections on the same terms as white men.

A sea turtle, weighing upwards of 50 lbs., was caught in the Merrimack river, opposite Newburyport, by some fishermen.

Culpepper Hoadly, a revolutionary pensioner, died at Naugatuck, Conn., at the age of 93. He leaves a widow older than himself.

The Florida *Champion* states that the governor elect of that State resides in a small double log cabin, built up with peeled pine poles.

Counterfeit cent pieces are already in circulation. They are of pewter, and are not "calculated to deceive" anybody.

Friend—one who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with heart and hand in adversity.

If a man were to set out calling everything by its right name, it would be a knock down before he got to the corner of the street.

We should be cautious how we indulge in the feelings of a virtuous indignation. It is the handsome brother of anger and hatred.

In Indiana the wheat, grass, oats and fruit crops present the most cheering indications.

There are fifty insane asylums in North America, in which are confined 9,500 patients.

Rogues are generally possessed of shrewdness which is worthy of a better cause.

The Wheat crops in Canada are reported as representing a favorable appearance.

Burglaries are, of late, becoming quite frequent in the North River Counties.

The faults of genius might be passed over if the world would promise not to imitate them.

In trifles, infinitely clearer than in great deeds, actual character is displayed.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Hartford friend's lines to the fine old Irish air of "The Fair Maid met Milking her Cow," evince a true sense of the spirit of poetry, but are too personal in their allusions to "men of the time." Let our friend choose another subject and we promise him beforehand, honorable place and an appreciative audience.

T. M., Providence, R.I.—We will feel indebted to our correspondent for the local information he promises.

O. S.—Good thoughts, but spavined numbers. Try again.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, '57.

WALKER AND HIS PARASITES.

A FEW WORDS BY WAY OF "FINIS."

THERE is something sublime in the constancy of a portion of the New York press to the person and fortunes of William Walker. Impervious alike to shame and ridicule, they hug the fallen fillibuster as a most rare specimen of godlike human nature, and affecting not to see the blood on his hands or the brass in his face, exclaim, "Eureka! we have found a hero." Speak of his diminutive frame and they will tell you Napoleon was a smaller man; refer to his shabby speeches and they will remind you that men of action have little time to give to the study of oratory; point to his face, and they instantly go into ecstacies about his "grey eyes," his well-set nose, his compressed lips indicative of determination, and straightway fall prostrate before their fancy's idol in the fervor of a Hindoo adoration. We had hoped that his arrival in their midst would have had the effect of taking the film off their eyes, and we confess we feel disappointed. The distance which lends enchantment to the view, however it may have warped their judgment, has done little, when shortened, to correct it. Neither has the Tooley Street invitation in the name of "the citizens of New York"—nor the fact that candy-man Wild and Isaiah Rynders formed the deputation to Perth Amboy—nor the draggel-tailed procession of ten men and twenty boys which went down Broadway attached to a band of music and a calico transparency with a lone star on it—nor the rowdy meeting in the Park—nor the visits to the Bowery and other theatres—nor the stealing of Malcolm Campbell's treasury bag, while that gentleman was engert on all sides by the returned "warriors" of Nicaragua;—none, of all these incidents connected with the advent of Walker in our community and so suggestive of reflection, has had the least effect in shocking them into sense. The mist which makes hills appear like mountains still pervades their intellects, and the "hero" in Nicaragua and New Orleans presents to their vision the same surface for undiscriminating panegyric in our latitude as in more Southern ones. Poor demented things—'tis a pity to spoil their hallucination for, no doubt, it has like other sorts of madness a tincture of pleasure in it—but we have a duty to perform and we intend to do it.

This William Walker belongs by right where we have placed him, in the category of outlaws, and we intend to keep him in that congenial company, no matter how much we may shock the nerves of his admirers. Instead of linking his name with that of Lafayette, we forthwith place it side by side with Dick Turpin's. Instead of designating his acts in Central America by high sounding words, we call them plainly multiform pocket pickings under cover of force. And—not to be mistaken through a want of perspicuity in our phraseology—we think he shall not have received his desert until his neck will have been irretrievably scored with a halter. For the past ten years or so he has played the part of a professional "regenerator" of humanity—a character which good Democrats consider unconstitutional in a Greeley or a Neal Dow, even when these "regenerators" are backed by Statute Law. For the same time he has made a living, not by honest industry, but by travelling over the Continent with arms in his hands and in those of his followers, recognized by no government, acting under no commission, but solely as a free-booter of the highway. If he had a flag, was it the flag of any recognized power? If he foraged, where was the security for requital? If he outstept the laws of war, who could Court-Martial him? If he shot down men like dogs, who declared them enemies? In a word, was not Mr. William Walker's will, Mr. William Walker's sole authority, and his life the only possession of his implicated by his conduct? Certainly, he is a "hero" if Turpin and Jack Shepherd were heroes, but if not, not,—and *then* he is what they were considered to be when English Law choked the souls out of them.

But, say his parasites, if he acted of his own accord in North, he went at the invitation of the *people* of Central, America. Which will we believe, Walker or his apologists? On a point like this the former is the best witness, and we call upon him to convict them of falsehood, which he does as follows in his letter to President Buchanan:

"In the month of May, 1854, *a few exiles* from Nicaragua landed in the port of Realejo, *declared against the then existing government* of the Republic, and secured within two months, possession of nearly all the principal places in the State. They organized a Provisional Government, of which Don Francisco Castellon was the head. It soon became apparent, however, that *it was likely to fail through want of proper military force and organization.* Castellon, therefore, sent to me (I was then residing in San Francisco) a contract authorizing me *to raise three hundred men for the service of the Provisional Government.*"—*Letter of Walker to his Excellency Jas. Buchanan.*

So it appears that a "few exiles" represented by Castellon, "whose government was about to fail for want of proper *military* force," were the only parties implicated in bringing in a *foreign* horde to sustain a state of things tottering to a fall! The "people" had no more to do with it than the people of Ireland had when MacMurrough invited the Normans, and to make the parallel complete between the invaders of Ireland in the 12th century, and the invaders of Nicaragua in the 19th, we have only to substitute Castellon's name for MacMurrough's, and Walker's for Strongbow's.

Our charges against Walker, however, do not end with his burglarious entry into Nicaragua. We have accused him on the strength of the Pastoral of the Vicar-General of Salvador, of requiring the Vicar Capitular of New Granada to make dissoluble the sacred tie of marriage, and to authorize Polygamy; and we have accused him on the strength of a letter to the Bishop of San Jose, of sacrilege in plundering the Church of Rivas. What reply do his allies make to these accusations? They tell us that Padre Vijil pointed to him in Granada, and dubbed him the "man of destiny," whatever that means. They tell us the same Padre accepted the appointment of Minister to Washington from the mock government he represented. Conceded all this, what does it show? Nothing, of course. Vijil is but a single, and if report speaks truly, a very disreputable clergyman, who has since become penitent. Besides, if he were a saint, the remainder of his brethern did not delegate him to speak for them, and even if they did so delegate him, it would remain to be shown that he exercised his authority as they wished, that he bore no resemblance to Judas in treachery, and that Polygamy, such as Walker demanded the Vicar-General to sanction, is no offence against ecclesiastical ordinances. Happily, we have at hand a copy of the *El Panameno* of May 2nd, 1856, which shows the light in which Vijil was viewed by a Spanish-American editor—as competent a witness the reader will say, as the best informed New York writer:

"He," (Vijil,) says this writer, "has substituted in place of the *moderamini* so much recommended by the Saint Thomas, the slanderous and viperous language of a publican, against those amongst his fellow-citizens who justly blame the intolerable and anti-Christian misconduct of the fillibusters; letting loose his invectives against his compatriots, he has constituted himself the most fanatical apologist of foreign brigandage; transgressing the proper functions of his ministry, he has converted the pulpit of the Holy Spirit, the sanctuary of truth, into an unclean temple of hero worship and pitiful comparisons, placing on the same level with the bandit Walker the immortal Moses and the sacred King David. *By such acts he has not only tarnished his sacerdotal character, but also rendered himself ridiculous as a man, and outraged his own race.* He has trodden down, in the most barbarous and atrocious manner, the true principles of enlightened reason and sound philosophy, and expressly violated the precepts of the Roman Church. *We denounce these facts to all the Catholic populations of the earth*, and, in particular to the prelates of the Roman community, in order that they may not be ignorant of one of the salient traits which institute the history of the presbyter D. Augustin Vijil, since he will not fail soon to present himself in one of the American dioceses."

After reading this character of the Padre Vijil, few persons will require any more evidence that he acted wholly in opposition to the will of his superiors, and that Walker's apologists have been unfortunate in selecting his name as a shield behind which to make Polygamy praiseworthy, and to call sacrilege a virtue.

The third charge we have made against Walker is that he intended, if possessed of the power, to *Americanize* Nicaragua; that is, to force a foreign nationality on her. A policy so unprincipled in itself and so likely to be disastrous to the conquered, his friends endeavor to vindicate by the unhappy illustration that if the Colonies "had not been *Americanized* there would have been no refuge here for foreigners." A play upon words like this is only worthy of the brain of a fillibuster. When the American Colonies disengaged themselves from Great Britain they put off an anamolous influence and asserted the inherent right of a people to govern themselves—just as the Spanish-Americans have ousted Walker and his comrades, and thereby laid claim to the right of self-government. If, therefore, the Colonies had a just cause in resisting a foreign influence, so had the Spanish-American States; and if the efforts of Great Britain were gross infringements upon the liberties of the one, the efforts of Walker were like infringements on the liberties of the other. In this sense the parallel instituted is a good one, for it forcibly reminds us that if we have rights which deserve to be respected, our less fortunate neighbors have similar ones rendered still more sacred than ours, by the comparative helplessness of their possessors.

But, a truce to trifling. What is the race which the supporters of Walker, many of them Irishmen, seek to despoil? The same which even exceeded France in its hospitality to our exiles, while Maryland was disfranchising Catholics, and the "Colony of Massachusetts Bay" was issuing writs of trespass and ejectment against the Irish settlers of Concord; the same which set the sails of the Armada for the Irish shores, when the ancestors "in language, blood, and religion" of your modern manifest destiny hordes were plying the lash of persecution on Irish soil; the same which in later times made an O'Donnell, Captain-General of Cuba, an O'Donoju, Viceroy of Mexico, an O'Higgins, Supreme Director of Chili, and an O'Brien, Ambassador of Venezuela to the Court of London. *This* is the race upon which some of our Irish journalists hound the *canaile* of our streets—a race whose public opinion has been soured by no prejudices against us, or ours—whose hands are clean of Irish blood, and whose records you will look over in vain for a chapter on—Louisville!

Come, Gentlemen, if you have no respect for yourselves consider at least that at some future time, perhaps not far distant, your posterity may be asking for protection in the name of that historical alliance which you seek to destroy. This is a changeable society in more senses than one, and the panderers to its frailties to-day, may be the first, to-morrow, to feel its ingratitude.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AND DR. NEWMAN.

THE London *Times*, within a few weeks past, has broadly hinted that Dr. Newman was about retiring from the Catholic University. When we consider that Ireland is indebted to him more than to any other for that deserving Institution, and that his withdrawal at this time would sorely shake its striking roots, we are glad to be able to state on the authority of the Dublin *Freeman*, that the *Times'* statements are wholly without foundation. Dr. Newman has not sent in his resignation, nor has he any intention of leaving Dublin.

In announcing this pleasant news we cannot refrain from adding that Dr. Newman has not received the justice he deserves from the Irish press. A narrow prejudice, miscalling itself nationalism, is sitting with cocked ears in several sanctums to bark disapproval at him, while much of his effectiveness is impaired by the jealous hypercriticism it creates. One is annoyed with him because "Dr. Cahill has not been invited to fill a chair," while another is angry because "English professors are filling posts which Irish ones could fill as well." Apart from the questionable good taste of the former proposition and the equally questionable truth of the latter, Dr. Newman has made, in our opinion, all the necessary or politic sacrifices to the local *lares*, by availing himself of the Irish talent now in the service of the University; and we cannot but regard those who persist in assailing him, as the assailants also of the only Catholic University in the circle of the English language.

THE RECENT DISTURBANCES IN BELGIUM.

WHEN reading over the version of the recent riot in Brussels, given by our correspondent in another page, we were struck with the similarity between the *animus* of the rioters and that of our late State Legislature, which passed the Bill secularizing Church Property. Of course, the constitutional monarchy of Belgium is no more responsible for the actions of what our correspondent justly terms "the dregs of the population," than those who differed with our Legislators were responsible for the success of the nefarious measure introduced by Mr. Putnam. It is even less so. The majority of the Belgian Legislature were in favor of yielding up to the clergy the privilege of administering alms bequeathed to the poor, (those who objected to this course being, the loose camp-followers of civilization who are especially unfitted for a Republican form of Government,) while our Lawmakers, who are presumed to be the most intelligent of citizens, were as illiberal as bigotry could make them. We should not needlessly provoke comparisons between other forms of Government and our own, unless we wish to gain a more general reputation for hardihood of assertion, rant without reason, and poverty of proof.

MR. MCGEE IN HIS NEW HOME.—It must be gratifying to the friends of this gentleman who do not receive the *New Era* to know that he is laboring with the same energy in Canada which distinguished him in the United States. "Emigration," "A Foreign Policy for Canada," "A Literature for Canada," are some of the significant themes which he discusses in late numbers of his paper.

TOLERATION IN SCANDINAVIA.

Our readers are no doubt aware that in Sweden and Norway all dissenters from the Church established by law, lie under a weight of heavy disabilities. The latter portion of the Scandinavian peninsula, however, has been up to the present somewhat less bigoted than the former. But Norway now seems desirous of imitating her intolerant sister, and even if possible of surpassing her in rigor towards all who do not believe in the evangelical doctrine propounded by the State.

A great deal of excitement has been created in Norway by the action of the Government in a case which we are about to relate. A Postmaster, who by his invariable good conduct had won the esteem of his fellows, was dismissed because he was suspected of professing, with regard to confession and absolution of sins, opinions not exactly in accordance with the pure, evangelical, governmental doctrine. For the full comprehension of the affair it is necessary to inform the reader that about two years ago, a Lutheran pastor of the little town of St. Rien presented to the government a petition in which, after stating the scruples of his conscience with regard to certain practices of the Established Church, he remarked that he considered it wrong to give canonical absolution to a large number of penitents, confessing themselves *en masse* without revealing, individually, the particular state of their souls. He therefore proposed one of three alternatives: An authorization to require from each person desiring absolution, an individual and detailed confession, according to the strict letter of the ritual, or the power to administer the "Lord's Supper," without previous confession to all those whose consciences did not reproach them with anything, and who considered that they could dispense with all preliminary formalities; or, lastly, in the event of his request being denied, permission to appoint a vicar to receive the confessions and absolve the penitents. The petition was peremptorily rejected. The pastor then tendered his resignation which was accepted, but on his demand an annuity was granted him. He soon after gathered about him a score of sympathizers from among his old flock, and took the liberty of founding a church which he dignified with the title of *Evangelical*. This proceeding was looked upon as unwarrantable by the Government, though from the Protestant point of view of free interpretation, nothing could be more legitimate or more logical. This the Governmen. could not understand, believing, as they do, in the doctrine of free interpretation as far as they go themselves, but no farther. As to being illogical, they are accustomed to it. The pension allowed Mr. Lammers (that is the name of the founder of the church) was withdrawn. The Postmaster, of whom we have spoken above, fearing a like disgrace, determined beforehand, to resign, but after having consulted several distinguished jurists, withdrew his resignation before the authorities had had time to accept it. Notwithstanding the argument that the article of the constitution which restricts to the members of the Lutheran Evangelical faith the capacity of filling civil offices, Mr. Glarsen, the Postmaster, was dismissed.

A Roman Catholic of Christiana was refused a subaltern grade in the Fire Department, under the pretence that the post was a civil office. It is also proposed to impose exorbitant taxes on the Catholic Church of Christiana although the Catholic poor are excluded from the benefits of public charity, and all the citizens, of what belief soever, are obliged to pay their share of the expenses of the Established Church.

The most surprising fact connected with this question, however, is that the Norwegians are continually boasting of their free and enlightened institutions, and are wonderfully severe on their Swedish neighbors whom they regard as deplorably bigoted. If they continue, nevertheless, to pursue the course they have commenced it will soon be very difficult to decide which of the two nations best deserves the palm of intolerance.

A Noble Work.—We have, on several occasions, called the attention, and invited the sympathy of our readers to the noble work of charity in which Mr. Vere Foster is engaged. Mr. Foster, as they already know, is the founder of the "Irish Pioneer Emigration Fund," instituted, as its Programme states, "for the purpose of raising the wages and otherwise bettering the condition of poor families, in the poorest districts of Ireland, by the assisted Emigration to the United States or Canada, of one member of each family, specially selected on account of good character and industrious habits, in the expectation that the persons so assisted will not only better their own condition, but will, according to the usual practice of Irish Emigrants, also send for or otherwise greatly help the rest of the family in Ireland." To the furtherance of this excellent object Mr. Foster devotes his time and fortune, and when we add that up to the first of January last he personally superintended the passage of 280 emigrants, male and female, at an expense of nearly $7,500, two-thirds of which was contributed by himself and his brother, Sir Frederick Foster, Bart., we have given good warranty that he is not chary of either. While we write he is daily expecting the arrival of 133 emigrants in the *City of Mobile* which sailed from Liverpool on the 26th ult. Some of these are destined for Chicago, others for Vincennes, and the charge of fifty has been voluntarily assumed by our friend Rev. Edmund O'Connor, of Canandagua, in this State, whose well known zeal in all that concerns his countrymen, will find a fitting channel for good works in their early necessities.

May Mr. Foster live long to continue his philanthropic efforts, and may every year add new causes of congratulation to those he receives daily in the thanks of his prosperous *proteges*.

A Relative of Parson Hamilton in Trouble.—A relative of Parson H., whose amusing effort to become notorious as a Protestant champion, by shooting at his own effigy, was related in the Tablet of the 13th inst., under the title "Personal Recollections of O'Connell," complains that an attempt was made to assassinate him, in the Park a few evenings ago, in consequence! As we have no further voucher for the truth of his assertion than his own word we are not prepared to believe that he barely escaped martyrdom. Who knows but the habit of exaggeration so largely developed in the Parson is a constitutional defect in his relatives? Some things run in the blood as well as others!

Diocese of Newark.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Bayley confirmed 190 persons in St. Peter's Church, Jersey City, on Sunday, the 21st inst. A procession of the girls, mostly pupils of the school of the Sisters of Charity, passed through the city from St. Mary's to St. Peter's, and attracted much attention. Dressed in white and wearing white veils, the young ladies presented a spectacle as instructive as it was beautiful. The white color chosen, according to custom on such occasions, is indicative of that purity and innocence religion bestows on the worthy recepients of the Sacraments of Penance, the Holy Eucharist and Confirmation.

The learned and zealous prelate preached; his earnest and fervent manner rivetted the attention of the congregation. Amongst the adult candidates were some English converts.

St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Del.—The Annual Distribution of Premiums will take place at this College on Thursday, 25th inst., the exercises commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The *Loughrea Illustrated Journal* is the name of a monthly periodical now published in the above town. It is the only illustrated periodical issued in Ireland. The literary matter and engravings are represented as excellent, and it needs but due encouragement to transform it into a valuable national publication. This encouragement, we heartily hope, it will obtain.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers who wish to continue the Tablet will please remit the amount of subscription from the 1st of January last, immediately.

We intend making the Tablet a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

Marshal Radetsky.—This aged soldier and governor of the Austrian possessions in Italy is no more. Intelligence from Turin reports that his death was caused by a fracture of the thigh. In the demise of the Marshal, the emperor Francis Joseph has lost one of the most loyal defenders he possessed. This "soldier of Austria," as he has been termed, attained the age of ninety-one years, seventy-six of which had been passed in the profession of arms; and for upwards of forty years he ruled as pro-consul or governor over the Lombardo Venetian kingdom. He was represented as the mildest of the governors whom Austria has hitherto appointed to rule her Italian possessions, but of the truth or falsity of this assertion we are not at present in a condition to decide.

Notice.—Those of our New York and Brooklyn subscribers, who have not been served with the Tablet, will please leave their names and residences at the office, and they will be immediately attended to.

Carrier Wanted—To Canvass for and Serve the Tablet in the 7th, 10th, 13th and 17th Wards. Apply at the office, 164 William st., (up stairs.)

We desire to warn persons wishing to subscribe to the Tablet against a class of agents who take upon themselves the questionable power of signing the names of its Publishers to receipts, and escape the crime of forgery, by adding their own initials.

The Publishers of the Tablet have not authorized any one to receive money for them unless those who can show a paper confirming that authority, or whose names appear among the list of agents.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN MONTREAL.

(*From our Montreal Correspondent.*)

Sunday week last was the greatest of all the fifty-two—not even excepting Easter Sunday—in this old-fashioned province of Lower Canada. A stranger would be at a loss to understand the delightful commotion which from earliest morning stirred the city—the crowds of men, women and children, arrayed in more than gala splendor, all hurrying towards a common centre—the Church of Notre Dame, the Corporation-men on this last occasion clearing away the mud of the previous night's rain from certain streets within the heart of the city. To a stranger all this would have been inexplicable, but to the citizens of Montreal (or any other city of Lower Canada), there was no mystery in the matter. It was Procession-Sunday, *la Fete Dieu*, and the whole Catholic population, amounting to over three-fourths of the whole—was preparing to make public profession of faith in the most solemn mystery of religion. On this occasion the weather was, in the morning, somewhat unpromising, but who ever heard of "the Procession" being prevented for want of fine weather: no such idea ever occurred to the faithful children of the Church. They had often seen a few hours of bright, or at least, dry weather thrown into the midst of a dark, cheerless, cloudy day, as it were for the express purpose of allowing the Procession to make its rounds, and surely God was not less powerful now than before. The event was just the same as in former years: the day kept up well, and though cloudy, not a drop of rain fell.

There was no grand Mass in any of the churches, so that at nine o'clock or thereabouts the Procession began to form, and as soon as it was in motion, the bells of all the churches began to ring. The Blessed Sacrament was borne by his Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, under the gorgeous canopy kept expressly for such occasions, supported by four of the first laymen of the city. Immediately after the canopy walked the Catholic members of the Canadian bar, arrayed in their official costume. After them came the St. Patrick's Society, numbering over five hundred—divided into two lines, between which walked the Christian Brothers, followed by the boys who attend their schools. After them came the pupils of the Congregation nuns, clothed in emblematic white, and behind them followed the female members of the different Societies of the Blessed Virgin. The St. Patrick's Temperance Society, one of the largest and most flourishing of our associations—followed, the whole closed by a vast concourse of men who belong to none of the Societies—members of the different Irish congregations. This was the order of the Irish portion of the Procession, and the same order was observed with regard to the French Canadian population—still more numerous, of course—who preceded the Blessed Sacrament. One of the finest features in the Procession on this occasion was the four companies of Volunteer Rifles, two Irish and two French Canadian—who walked on either side of the canopy. Their appearance was most imposing, and added much to the solemnity of the scene as well from their numbers and their handsome uniforms as from the decorous and reverential bearing of the men. Long may our gallant Canadian Rifles live to take part in this glorious profession of public faith.

What a magnificent sight it is to see the Blessed Sacrament—our dear Saviour's Legacy of Love—borne thus in solemn state through the streets of a city amid the pealing of bells, the swell of glad, triumphal music, the singing of hymns, and the soft murmurs of prayer, with many a banner fluttering on the breeze, inscribed with legends and devices dear to the Christian heart. Again, when we behold two distinct races of men, speaking two different languages, uniting heart and soul in this public act of homage to the Sacramental Presence of our Redeemer, our hearts swell with joyful emotion as we think of the universality of our divine faith, and how closely it draws the nations of the earth together in *one* bond of love.

The Procession, on this occasion, visited St. Patrick's Church, where a temporary altar or *repository* was erected outside the grand entrance, and fitted up with much taste and even splendor. The streets through which the procession passed were, as usual, decorated by the citizens with arches of evergreens, flags and every other species of ornament which love and faith could suggest. On returning to the Church of Notre Dame, the Blessed Sacrament was borne up the grand aisle to the high altar, and during the service which followed, nothing could exceed the solemn grandeur of the scene within the Church. The vast building, with its two tiers of galleries, was literally crowded. The Society of *La Bonne Mort* (*Good or Happy Death*) were scattered throughout the building with lighted tapers—the altars were loaded with tapers—the numerous candelabra suspended from the roof were all lit up, so that the Church was one blaze of light. The sanctuary was filled with priests and acolytes, the Volunteer Companies were ranged on either side the grand aisle, and the dense multitude within and without the Church bowed down with one heart before the Sacrament of Life and Love.

It was a sight worthy of the Ages of Faith, or rather calculated to remind us that even this cold, sneering, skeptical nineteenth century is with Catholics as full of faith as any that went before it. Thanks to the undying spirit which exists and will ever exist in God's holy Church.

Yours, &c., Hibernica.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE "TABLET."

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Literature.

LIFE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. By DONALD McLEOD. *New York: Charles Scribner.*

We have just received a copy of this very interesting work, which is, indeed, a valuable contribution to our Catholic literature. It is one of the most attractive biographies we have read for a long time, and bears evident marks of the most laborious research, embellished throughout by the graceful fancy of the author. With most of the details we were already familiar, but many of them had reached us through Protestant and prejudiced mediums, and Mr. McLeod has done good service to truth and justice, by his Catholic and chivalrous defence of the injured Queen of Scots. He has spared no pains to gather authentic materials for his work, drawing them forth from all manner of musty archives, but his narrative is totally free from the prolixity and tedium of the old chroniclers, while we find in it much of their charming simplicity and vividness of coloring. Agnes Strickland has done much to remove from Mary's name the age-long accumulation of obloquy heaped upon it, but Donald McLeod has done still more. He has shown her actuated throughout by high and honorable motives befitting a pure and gentle woman and a Christian princess. *Misguided* she might have been, and probably was, but *guilty* never. One of the most notable instances of her blameable (but still excusable) credulity, was undoubtedly her harsh treatment of the Gordon family, whose head the great and gallant Earl of Huntley, was likewise the head of the Catholic party in Scotland, sadly diminished in those disastrous times. As a specimen of our author's style, and an interesting episode in Scottish history, we subjoin the account of Huntley's ruin, effected by the double-dyed traitor Murray, the Queen's bastard brother:

"Lord Huntley was born in 1510, and was, consequently, fifty-two years old at this period. He it was who liked not the 'manner of Henry VIII.'s wooing,' and who had done good service for the Queen Regent against the English. He, who stood at the head of the loyal party on the queen's arrival, had warned Mary of Murray's craft and ambition, but affection had deafened her. Her brother lost no opportunity now of influencing her against Huntley, and a breach of the peace committed by that nobleman's son, Sir John Gordon, came aptly to his purpose. Sir John had fought with James Ogilvie and wounded him in the open streets, for which he was committed to the common goal. The magistrates were thanked for their zeal by an autograph letter from Mary; and she, persuaded by Murray that it was a purposed insult, resolved to make a northern progress, and to institute her brother into the earldom which she had conferred upon him.

"She set out with her train on the 11th of August, and on the 27th arrived in Aberdeen, where she remained until September 1st. Here Huntley met her, and invited her to his house; but her suspicion of treasonable designs, on his part, had been carefully fostered, and she refused to go. But after stopping at several towns in succession until her army had joined her, she proceeded to Inverness, and demanded the surrender of that castle. It was held by Alexander Gordon, for Lord Gordon, its hereditary keeper, the heir of the Earl of Huntley. The demurrer of the commandant was answered by an instant attack, the castle was taken and Gordon was hanged, this half resistance being qualified as treason.

"The country turned out to the queen's assistance, and she, riding at the head of her troops, turned southward, bearing stoutly all the fatigue and uttering no complaints. On her way southwards towards Moray, she had summoned two strongholds, belonging to Sir John Gordon, to surrender. Their keepers refused, and she, having no cannon, could not take them; but the refusal was more treason on the part of poor Sir John. Again, she passed Huntley Castle and refused to enter it, and in a privy council it was decided that Huntley must either submit to everything, or prepare for 'the *subversion of his house forever.*' He, poor gentleman, had, by this time, procured and sent to her the keys of the two strongholds which she had summoned, as well as a cannon from his own castle, with the loyal message, 'That his body and goods were at her Grace's commands.' The Countess took Captain Hay, who was sent for the cannon, into the chapel, and there, before the altar, protested that this whole procedure was a religious persecution against her husband, 'who,' said she, 'was ever obedient to the queen, and will die her faithful subject.'

"But Murray and the serpent Maitland had at length succeeded in alarming the queen, by making her believe that Huntley's object was to seize upon her person, marry her forcibly to his son, and slay them, her faithful counsellors. Then an expedition was ordered against the castle, which they found wide open with the countess prepared to show them princely hospitality. Huntley himself had retired to Badenach. Another privy council was convened and his presence commanded; on his non-appearance, and indeed he had not even time to reach Aberdeen where the queen now was, he was pronounced a rebel and his lands and titles declared forfeited.

"He sent his countess to the queen, but she was denied an audience; he offered to give bail and suffer trial by the whole nobility, but this also was refused. Then, stung to madness, he called his clansmen about him and defied, not the queen, but her wicked and cruel counsellor Murray. That Earl, with a force of two thousand men, met his unfortunate victim backed only by five hundred Highlanders, at Corrachie, some fifteen miles from Aberdeen. Of course the battle was soon concluded; the little band were routed, and Huntley and his two sons John and Adam taken prisoners. They set the old noble on horseback, to carry him triumphantly to Aberdeen; but when the thought of his crushed fortune, his ruined family, his bitter reward for gallant service came over him, his proud heart broke, and without any wound, he fell down dead from his horse. Thus died the best and most loyal of Mary's friends, one who would have died to rescue her from the troubles that soon came upon her, while the traitors who were undermining her throne basked in her smiles and fattened on her favors. Yet, although persuaded of the justice of her course, Mary's gentle nature was greatly shocked. Her sadness was remarked by all, and, says Knox, 'For many days she bare no better countenance, whereby it might have been evidently espied that she rejoiced not greatly at the success of that matter.'

"The chapter of horrors was not yet full. Sir John Gordon, one of the handsomest men of the day, was tried, convicted of treason on the suborned evidence of one of his father's servants and sentenced to be beheaded. The scaffold was erected under the windows of the house in which Mary lodged, and Murray insisted on her beholding the execution. But when she saw the young noble fix his respectful eyes on her and then kneel down before the block, she burst into a passion of tears, and, sobbing, turned her head away. Then, when they told her that the headsman had bungled and merely mangled the neck of the victim, she fell in a dead faint from her chair, and could scarcely again be recovered.

"Young Adam Gordon, only seventeen years old, was sentenced to die with his brother, but the queen would not hear of it. He was imprisoned in Dunbar, and often did Murray importune the queen for his death-warrant. As she steadily refused this he *forged* one, but it was detected by the keeper, and Adam Gordon lived to be a faithful, loyal, devoted servant of Mary in after days."

THE WORKS OF GERALD GRIFFIN. In 4 volumes, containing—The Collegians, The Card Drawer, The Half Sir, Suil Dhuv, the Coiner; The Aylmers of Ballyaylmer, The Hand and Word, The Barber of Bantry, The Rivals, and Tracy's Ambition. *New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.*, 164 *William street. Boston:* 128 *Federal street. Montreal: corner Notre-Dame and St. Francis Xavier streets.*

The writer of the preface to these volumes justly says of their author, that "his life was his best work." Whether we consider his youth, his term of authorship, or the short period spent with the Christian Brothers, we will find him still the same "gentle Gerald," which his affectionate brother-bards loved to call him, after he had ceased to write and to sing. To say that he was without faults, would be to say that he was supernatural; but that his errors were few, either of commission or omission, that he held fast to the principles of religion which he learned in his younger days, that he catered as an author to no bad passions—and, that he died with every prospect of a glorious eternity before him—no one who reads his life by his excellent brother will attempt to call into question.

The most interesting chapters in the Life of Griffin have always been, to us, those relating to his residence in London. With a Spanish tragedy as his sole capital he ventured into that great metropolis, where the martyrology of literature was already filled with the names of a hundred Irish victims. After a long battle with poverty and obscurity—slackened at times by the interposition of friends—renewed again with greater intensity than before—he came out at last with a wreath upon his brow and the germs of consumption at his heart, to die in the peaceful seclusion of a religious order. Murphy, Kenrick, Goldsmith, and others had gone before him over the thorny path of London prejudice and bruised the obstacles in their way by the persistency of their suffering; but it remained for him to suffer as if none had suffered before him, and to feel when gnawed by hunger that an Irish author in England need expect little immunity from misfortune, because others "had undergone the heat and toil of the day" before him.

If we look over the illustrious names in the biography of writers in English, we will find no parallel chraracter for Griffin. Goldsmith's is the only one which at all suggests a resemblance. "Poor Noll" had Griffin's simplicity, but it was the simplicity of a boor who acted out his nature. Griffin's, on the other hand, was the result of reflection—the combined product of a young mind prematurely old, and a heart alive to all the tender amenities of society. In their works we can trace a greater likeness than in themselves, for while we lose sight of the masculine lines of Goldsmith's face and manner, and the womanly exterior of Griffin, we find both alike, pure in their morality, and alike natural in their enunciation of it. Goldsmith was perhaps the greater genius, but there are few things in the "Vicar," which Griffin might not have written, while all Goldsmith wanted to enable him to write the "Tales of the Five Senses," was a Catholic education.

The edition of Griffin's works mentioned above, and of which 4 volumes are now published, will be the most complete ever issued. In paper, type and binding, it is not excelled by the publications of any house either in New York or London.

LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST; or, Jesus Revealed to Childhood and Youth. By the ABBE F. LAGRANGE. Translated from the French by MRS. J. SADLIER. *New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.*, 164 *William st.* 1857.

"This little volume is, I think," says the translator, "well calculated to make Jesus known to the younglings of his flock. It is written in a simple, conversational style, and contains a summary of everything relating to our Saviour that children ought to know." When it is added that the first duty of a Catholic parent is the giving of a Christian education to his children, and, that in no country more than this is such an education needed, we have said enough, with the translator's words, to bring the book's merits properly before our public.

THE PROPHESIES OF SS. COLUMBKILLE, MAELTAMLACHT, ULTAN, SEADHNA, COIREALL, BEARCAN, MALACHY, &c. Together with the Prophetic Collectanea, or Gleanings of several writers who have preserved portions of the now lost Prophecies of our Saints, with literal Translations and Notes. By NICHOLAS O'KEARNEY. *New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.*, 164 *William street.* 1857.

Many of our readers, no doubt, will be glad to see those prophesies published. Their authenticity has been questioned even by Irish writers, yet they are admitted by all to be most remarkable documents. To the student of Irish History, they are at least curious. The translator, Mr. O'Kearney, says in his preface, that it is the first *English* translation of the Genuine Prophecies of St. Columbkille.

THE TRADE IN OPIUM.

It appears, and the evidence is of the most authentic kind, that whereas previously to the year 1767, the export of opium from India to China not usually exceeded 200 chests annually—the time when a new impulse was given to the trade by the Company—it has, from that time to this, gone on increasing, with variations, from year to year, until the present time (or a time dated three years back) when not less than fifty or sixty thousand chests are, every year, landed upon the coast of China, at a cost to the people of many millions sterling, and at a profit to the Indian Government of not less than five millions. For many years past a fleet of fast-sailing vessels, or steamers, fitted out in the most complete manner, and fully armed, is constantly traversing the eastern seas, laden with this drug, each vessel carrying seven or eight thousand chests; while large receiving ships moored at various points along the coast of China, constitute so many floating warehouses, to which the Chinese smugglers have recourse, openly and constantly, and in defiance of the Government, its own officers conniving at the traffic.

At a time within the memory of men now living, the opium-pipe in China was the luxury of the opulent only; and the indulgence, well known to be of dangerous tendency, was kept within bounds, by all but a few; but in consequence of the endeavors made of late years to extend a trade which has been found to be more lucrative than any other, the drug has been placed within the reach of the middle and lower classes. Smoking-shops have been opened, and the needful smoking appliances have been brought within the means of the poorest, so as that at this time, and for some years past, the less wealthy gentry, the official class, tradesmen, mechanics of all kinds, laborers, and women, have very generally become habitual opium-smokers. Although calculations in cases of this sort can be little more than approximately correct, they are quite as likely to fall short of the truth, as to exceed it. It has been assumed as a basis of such a calculation, that an habitual opium smoker consumes about 17 grains daily; reckoning at this rate, 10,000 chests would supply one million of such smokers for a year; but of course a much larger number, if we include those who do, or who are compelled to allow themselves a smaller quantity daily. But lately 50,000 chests have been imported annually into China; and this quantity, distributed according to a probable supposition, over those districts within which opium hitherto has been freely offered to the mass of the people, will show that a larger *per centage* of the adult population has become the victim of the poison.

But whether this proportion be larger or smaller, it is a proportion that is always on the increase; and at the same time the area over which it prevails is always extending.

When we say that the average daily consumption is seventeen grains, there are many who use a much larger quantity; and as to the cost of the indulgence, men of the laboring class, questioned indiscriminately by Dr. Smith (bishop of Victoria), acknowledged that their opium-smoking took from them two-thirds of their daily earnings.

But now for the purpose of bringing the principal facts of the case in due perspective before the reader, we must go back a few steps, and trace the course of things from its origin in India; and show what is the relation of the opium trade to the interests of the East India Company.

THE FAIR ISABEL.

From the Tragedy of "Rizzio."

BY CHARLES JAMES CANON.

The Lily of Provence, of maidens the flower,
The Fair Isabel has come down from her bower,
Her beads at the shrine of Our Lady to tell;
And sad is the heart of the Fair Isabel.

For long months agone—they have years been to her—
To wrest from the Paynim the Lord's sepulchre,
Young Victor went forth, and has nought come to tell
If lives he or not to the Fair Isabel.

"Our morning is clouded," at parting he said;
"And yet, lady, mine is the sun overhead.
As he shall the darkness around us dispel,
Shall joy chase the grief of my Fair Isabel."

But darker the heavens as older the day,
'Till Hope spread her wings and flew far, far away,
When, O! like a frost on a young flow'ret, fell
Despair on the heart of the Fair Isabel!

Still, morning and evening she failed not to go
To Chapel, some respite to seek from her woe,
But her beads as she counted unceasingly fell
Hot tears on the cheeks of the Fair Isabel.

She kneels down in sorrow; but raising her eyes
To the sweet face above her, beholds with surprise
A smile on those lips, whence a word never fell,
That thrilled to the heart of the Fair Isabel.

And, lo! a poor Palmer, whose cheek has grown brown
'Neath the suns of the East, by the maiden kneels down.
She starts. But a glance every fear doth dispel,
'Tis Victor returned to his Fair Isabel!

THE EJECTED TENANT.

My father ploughed this old lea land—
His sires for ages did before—
His means he shared with bounteous hand,
And always plenty had in store;
His barns teemed with fruitful corn,
His kine lowered o'er the pasture field,
His cheerful song rose with the morn,
His labor brought us ten fold yield.

There's every spot he loved so well,
The hawthorn hedge, the uplands loam.
The mossy bank, the little dell
That lies behind our cottage home;
My mother, too, I see her still
My footsteps watch with gentle care,
Reprove against her utmost will,
Or in my boyish pleasure share.

There's yonder meadow by the stream
Where oft I've rolled in childish glee,
And in the sun's bright early beam
I've climbed for nests the big oak tree;
And when maturer years drew nigh,
I went a wooing down the vale,
And whispered love with fondest sigh,
While mirth went round or startling tale.

Then famine stalked with fearful strides,
And gnawed at stalwart manly hearts,
And tore each loved one from our sides—
'Tis madness that the thought imparts.
I struggled with this demon wild,
For things grew sadder day by day,
I strove to nourish wife and child,
But one by one they pined away.

'Twere better thus a thousand fold,
To die beneath the old roof tree,
Than perish in yon ditch from cold,
Where ruthless man had driven me.
A stranger will from henceforth sow
And reap this rich and fertile soil,
And in my own loved home below
A stranger rests from daily toil.

This sod from off my poor wife's grave
Is all on earth I hold dear,
While far across the Atlantic wave
I'll shed my lonely bitter tear.
'Tis thus thy hearths, dear fatherland,
Are reft of joy, of love, and light,
Made desolate by the spoiler's hand—
The lust of gold his only right.

—*Nation.* NORAH.

LEGENDS
AND
TALES OF IRELAND.

[FROM A WORK IN PREPERATION, BY MRS. J. SADLIER.]

Malachy the Second and the Danes of Dublin.

Donnel, the son of the illustrious Murkertach, had been twenty-three years monarch of Ireland, when his valiant son, Malachy, the worthy descendant of such a race, seeing how the Gael were everywhere oppressed by the foreigners, resolved on making a signal effort to destroy the power of the race for evil. The infirmities of age were beginning to show on the king, and his son prevailed upon him to leave the Danes to him for that time.

"Many times have I fought them under your banner, O my father, let me now try my own luck against them."

"Do, then, in God's name," said the king, "for the sovereignty will soon rest with you!"

Malachy then assembled all the forces he could collect at a short warning, and marched to meet the foe who was, at the time, ravaging the plains of Meath, which country, from its vicinity to the Danish district of Fingal, was subject to frequent incursions. It was in the vicinity of Tara that the two armies came in sight of each other, whereupon Malachy exhorted his chiefs and people to stand by him that day for the honor of God and their own rights.

"You see," said he, "how it is with the Galls. They have of late taken upon them the name of Christians, but the spirit of Christianity is far from them. They rob God's holy houses now as in times past, and redden their hands in the blood of His servants—they are cruel oppressors of the Gael wherever they have them in subjection—they are no Christians, then, and let us go to meet them with stout hearts, for God is with us and not with them. I bear my father's flag this day—see that it be not dishonored in his absence."

Pointing then to the hill of Tara with its stately though deserted dwellings, even then hastening to ruin, he reminded them of the ancient glory of their kings: "Yonder," said he, "is the house of Con, and of Nial the Great, and Dathy the far-travelling hero. Their spirit be on us this day, as their blood is in the veins of many amongst us. Sons of the heroes of old, go forth, in God's name, to avenge our country's wrongs—let future ages tell how on Tara the children of the Gael brought low the pride of the Black Strangers!"

By this time the enemy was close at hand, led on by the sons of Awley, the reigning king of the Danes of Dublin. They were valiant and strong men, those warriors of the north, and cruel were they as strong; but the men of Ulladh and of Bregia, and the clans of Oriel were not to be intimidated by their fierce bearing, the sable hue of their garments, or the glitter of their ponderous axes. They had met them before full many a time in mortal strife, and they knew that victory was not always with the raven banner, for they had seen it lowered on many a field before the standards of the princes of Erin. It was a familiar phrase amongst them that the Saints fought for and with them, in revenge for the sacrilegious desecration of their churches and shrines by the impious foreigners.

The battle was long and bloody. The leaders on both sides were evidently resolved to make it a decisive blow, and if the Irish, on one side, fought with the stern and determined valor of men whose lives were staked on their country's liberation, so did the foreigners wield their weapons as men resolved to conquer the land once for all. Blood flowed in torrents that day, and many of the highest and noblest chieftains fell on both sides. Amongst them was Randal, eldest son of the king of Dublin, and the principal captain of the Danes. His death was a severe check to his followers, who had long esteemed him as one of their most valorous champions, and their discouragement being duly noticed by the Irish, a new and simultaneous attack was made on their broken and disordered lines. The Danes, with their characteristic bravery, endeavored to rally and maintain their ground, but the loss of so many other leaders was a fearful drawback, and after a vain attempt to restore order in their ranks, they fell into irretrievable confusion and fled in all directions, hotly pursued by the victorious legions of Malachy. A fearful slaughter followed, the Irish having learned from sad experience, that their only security lay in the destruction of the enemy.

When the victors returned from the chase, and set about counting their losses, their hearts were weighed down with sorrow, for many a valorous lord and princes not a few, were found amongst the slain. But Malachy himself had escaped, and his praise was their best reward. They had, moreover, the consolation of knowing that if they had lost many of their best and bravest, the enemy was all but exterminated. Proud was Malachy next day when he brought to his father his own banner in one hand, and the raven flag in the other, both soiled and torn, and thereby attesting the fierce conflict from which they had come forth.

"There is blood on them, O my father," said the prince, "the blood of many a valiant hero. They tell the tale of Tara, where the stranger was as chaff before the Gael. This is my offering, O'Donnel of great deeds!" And he laid the furled banners at the feet of the aged king, whose lip quivered with emotion, as he silently embraced his son.

After thanking each of the chiefs in turn for their most effective aid, the monarch turned to his son: "To Ard-Macha a golden chalice for every church, and to you, Malachy, my son, a golden crown!"

"A golden crown!—what mean you, O my father?"

"Time will tell!" said the king with a meaning smile, "many are the years of Donnel, O Malachy of sounding shields, and his place is marked out among the kings of other times."

The meaning of these words, though then obscure, was but too well understood when, a short time after, the king was seized with a mortal malady under which he soon sank, leaving the promised crown to Malachy, whom he charged with his dying breath to follow up his recent success by a vigorous attack on the Danish stronghold of Dublin.

Malachy was well inclined to act on his father's last advice, and immediately commenced preparations for an expedition against the Galls. Leaving him to send embassies to his freinds amongst the tributary princes, and gather the clans from all parts of his own domains, let us see how it fared with the Danes in Dublin when the news of the disastrous battle of Tara was brought back by the few survivors of their gallant army.

KING AWLEY'S PILGRIMAGE.

All was joy and eager expectation within the Danish city when it became known that Malachy and his forces were marching against their army, the largest and best equipped that had issued for many a year from the gates of Dublin. King and queen, princes and nobles, all rejoiced, for now they said the star of Malachy MacDonnel must pale before that of Randulph. "They will meet face to face," said Awley the king, "and my son is no beardless boy—he will know how to deal with the boasting son of Donnel. Wife, let us make ready a great banquet for our sons and the chiefs who are with them. Let not the hands of your maidens be slow, for it will not take the Danish host long to settle accounts with the men of Bregia. The arm of Fingal is not shortened."

So the queen hastened to prepare her banquet, urging her women to lose no time. And the warders looked out from off the towers with anxious eyes, and the princely merchants of the city caused their houses to be put in readiness for the entertainment of the victorious bands who had but lately left the gates flushed with the hopes of conquest, and the prospect of rich booty torn from many a sacred shrine. And the proud King Awley said to his nobles, as with them he paced the flagged hall of his palace: "These Irish—make much ado about their Saints—let us see if they will save them now that they are in Randulph's hands." The courtiers in all sincerity echoed their monarch's boast, for they honestly believed their prince invincible.

Evening came, and the countless watches of the city began to think the time long. Surely they might have news by that time. In anxious watching the night was past, and towards midnight the warders on the towers, alarmed the citizens by announcing that they saw several beacon-fires gleaming on the hills in the far distance. But the momentary alarm excited by this news speedily subsided, and confidence was more than restored, for who should it be but their own people that lit these signal-fires to announce their victory. This renewal of hope helped to beguile the tedious hours of night, and the dawn still found the citizens of every rank eager, anxious, but not fearful.

All at once there was a cry from the warders, and the houses were instantly deserted—young and old, rich and poor, all hurried to the gates, anxious and yet hopeful.

> "News of battle!—news of battle!
> Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:
> And the archways and the pavement
> Hear the clang of hurrying feet.
> * * * * *
> News of battle! who hath brought it?
> All are thronging to the gate:
> 'Warder—warder! open quickly!
> Man—is this a time to wait?'
> And the heavy gates are open'd:
> Then a murmur—long and loud,
> And a cry of fear and wonder
> Burst from out the bending crowd."*

Yes, "a cry of fear and wonder," escapes from every lip, for instead of the gallant array of chosen troops whom the citizens expected to see flushed with victory, and loaded with the spoils of fertile Bregia, there stood at the gates, some half a hundred of Randulph's men, whose bruised and battered armor told of hard knocks, while their doleful countenances struck a chill to every heart. But oh! horror of horrors! what burthens do they bear so carefully?—what have they covered so closely in those litters, and why do they wend their heavy, toilsome march towards the royal dwelling?

Long and loud was the cry that rose from the bereaved citizens, and their lamentations rent the air, as they followed the silent crest-fallen soldiers to the palace-gates, where Awley and his queen stood side by side in eager expectation of seeing their sons. Alas! the cries of the multitude had prepared the royal parents for some direful news, but not for the sight that met their eyes when the rude temporary litters were laid at their feet—in one the dead body of Randulph, their eldest born, their pride, and in the other Sitric his brother—pale and death-like from loss of blood. The queen swooned away, and was carried to her chamber in happy unconsciousness, while her royal husband with a breaking heart followed the steps of those who bore his sons—the living and the dead—to their respective chambers.

The tale of ruin he refused to hear: "I see it all as in a glass!" said he, "oh! Randulph! O Sitric! my sons! my sons!—go, wives and mothers of Dublin!—bewail your own losses!—leave us to our grief!

* * * * *

Many days passed away before the queen could listen to the voice of consolation. Randulph, her favorite son, the heir of his father's sovereignty, was committed to the tomb, and there seemed little prospect of Sitric's recovery. Were she not wholly engrossed with her own sorrow, she could not help but notice the change that had come upon her royal husband. Every one round him, except the queen, believed that his heart was broken, for his face had lost its proud and even ferocious character, and his tall sinewy frame late so haughtily erect was now bowed down as with the weight of years. Men looked upon the king and wondered, for they could not read his soul.

At length when a few weeks had passed away, and the partial recovery of her younger son had afforded the sorrowing mother a gleam of hope, the king one day addressed her in the following terms:

"Daughter of kings, the hand of God is on us. We despised his holy Saints, and made light of their power—behold how the Saints of Ierne have taken revenge on us and ours. Because of our sins and the sins of our fathers we are smitten with this heavy scourge."

"Such have been my own thoughts," replied the queen in a subdued voice, "let us humble ourselves before the God of the Christians—they tell us that He is merciful as well as mighty."

"Wife," said the king, "I have heard of the Irish kings and princes going to Columba's holy isle to do penance and to beg pardon of God for their sins. Thither will I go, and that will I do, hoping that God will have mercy on our souls and the souls of our children."

The queen was startled by the suddenness of the proposal, but in those ages of faith such things were so common that she easily reconciled herself to part with her royal husband for a time.

Next day the citizens, still more than half pagan, were astonished by the sight of their king, but late so proud and so little given to practices of piety, walking barefoot and in mean apparel through their most crowded thoroughfare, followed only by two attendants similarly clad, on his way to the port to embark for Iona. This he did in order to edify his subjects whom his pride and arrogance had before scandalized.

Reaching Iona, King Awley demanded permission to remain a short time in the Abbey, having first laid rich offerings of jewels and gold on the altar of the church. He was instantly admitted, and for several days underwent a course of the most rigorous penance, postponing his departure from day to day, in order to practice still greater mortification, and punish his sinful body still the more. And God was mercifully pleased to accept his penitential acts, and gave him the grace of a happy death even there within the consecrated walls of Columba's ancient monastery. Already worn down with grief, the great austerities which he practised, failed not to break down his strength, great as it had been, and he was prostrated on a bed of sickness. It was soon evident to himself and all around that his days were already numbered, and for himself the king rejoiced at it, saying to his attendants that God was indeed good and merciful to accept the sacrifice of his life which he had freely made on leaving Ireland. Rebuking them gently for the sighs and tears which they could not repress, he charged them with kind consoling messages for his wife and children, whose sorrow was now his only trouble, urging them to live in the service of God, that he and they might one day meet in heaven. Very soon after the penitent king expired, surrounded by the pious brotherhood and aided by their prayers.

His body was laid in the *Tomb of the Kings of Ireland*, by the Abbey wall in Iona. The proud descendant of the fierce sea-kings, by religion made as a lamb, was laid in death by the side of the Gaelic princes, who had slept there ages before he came to join them. Together they await the resurrection in the dreamless slumber of the tomb, their respective dynasties long since vanished from the earth, and the period of their own earthly existence invested with the misty hue of remote antiquity.

— In our next, THE DOOM OF TARA AND ITS FINAL DESERTION, A. D. 554.

* Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, pp. 13, 14.

COLONEL OLIVER O'GARA.

The O'Garas were the ancient territorial Lords of Moy-O'Gara and Coolavin, in the County of Sligo. So early as in the year 1056, the Four Masters record the death of Roderic O'Gara; and their valuable and extensive Chronicle, originating in the patronage of Ferral O'Gara in the commencement of the seventeenth century, is particularly full in details of this House. Their dedication proclaims him "a descendant of the race of Heber, son of Milesius, which gave Ireland thirty monarchs, while sixty-one of that race died in the odor of sanctity." The antiquary Michael O'Clery, who had at the time peculiar resources for verifying native genealogies, many of which perished in the immediately ensuing wars, confidently traces the lineage of this Ferral O'Gara up ninety-three generations; he was himself the Representative of the County of Sligo in the Parliament of 1634. The confiscations and ravages of Cromwell, however, left but little of their rank or territory remaining at this period, when the above Colonel Oliver was the head of the Sept. He also was one of the Representatives for the County of Sligo in the Parliament of 1689, and was connected by marriage with the Lady Mary Flemming, daughter of Lord Slane and widow of Richard Fleming of Stahalmock, by whom he left no issue. This regiment, raised by himself, was one of four which King James, in falling back upon Ardee, despatched under the command of Brigadier Sarsfield, in September, 1689, to retard the advance of the Williamite forces into Connaught. Story states that Colonel O'Gara was killed at the siege of Athlone in June, 1691; but if he intended to refer this statement to Colonel Oliver, it was erroneous, as *he* is known to have witnessed the Articles of Limerick, and accompanied the Irish emigrants to the Continent, where he was appointed Lieut.-Colonel to King James's fine Regiment of Irish Foot Guards, amounting, before its departure from Limerick to France, to 1,400. This reduction of his rank to a post subordinate to Colonel William Dorrington, was soon redressed by his appointment to the Colonelcy of the Queen's Dragoons. He was attainted in 1691, with "Maria," his wife, John O'Gara of Clunoghill, and Roger and Morgan "Gara" of Ballyhowla, County of Sligo. It may be added that the Rev. Nicholas O'Gara, faithful to the memory of his country in a foreign land, was a valuable collector of Irish poems in the Netherlands. In 1794, Bryan O'Gara was Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, as was Michael O'Gara in 1742.—*King James's Irish Army List.*

An extraordinary and serious land slip has just occurred at and upon the railway tunnel works near Czernitz, on the upper Silesian line. The expense of clearance will, however, be considerable; and it is possible that the project of tunnelling in this dangerous vicinity will be abandoned, and the direction of the line altered.

The estimated expenditure of law costs in the affairs of the Royal British Bank is £17,000.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

London, 5th June, 1857.

I have received your letter requesting me to correspond with your journal, the New York Tablet, and I will be happy to take notes, for the benefit of your readers, of whatever of interest may transpire in the three kingdoms. I cannot but feel flattered at your preference, and I hope to justify it by the zeal I shall display in the quality of your correspondent.

The explanations given by Lord Palmerston in answer to a question of Disraeli's with regard to the position of your government and the British with regard to Central American affairs, have thrown considerable light on the subject. The English Cabinet accepts, all but one, the amendments introduced into the Dallas-Clarendon treaty by the American Senate. At the same time that Lord Clarendon was occupied in the conclusion of the treaty with Mr. Dallas, he signed, with the representative of the Republic of Honduras, a special convention, in virtue of which the English government ceded to that republic the Bay Islands stipulating that slavery should never be introduced into the territory so ceded. This covenant was recalled in a special clause of the direct treaty with the United States. This clause, to the arrangement between England and Honduras, was erased from the treaty by the American Senate. The British government refuses to ratify the treaty without that particular clause which it looks upon as exceedingly important. This is the exact state of the question at present, and I think we may safely expect to see it definitely settled before long. Judging from the words of Lord Palmerston, who represents the difference between the two governments as quite insignificant, it seems to me that a concession on this point by England, is not out of the pale of possibility.

Mr. Hardy's bill for regulating beer-houses, continues to cause considerable excitement among the classes its action would affect. On the part of the beer-sellers, and the working classes in general, the opposition to the measure is strenuous. John Bull does not like to be robbed of his beer, and will not tamely submit to such a high-handed measure. The supporters of the bill on their side work with considerable vigor. A deputation in favor of it was introduced to Lord Palmerston on Thursday by Mr. Denison, M.P. and Lord Goderich, M.P. The deputation numbered among its members gentlemen from Leeds, Liverpool, Bradford and other important towns. There were no less than three Mayors attached to the deputation. Memorials were presented to Lord Palmerston, one of which was to the effect that the extension of the Tipling Act to the recovery of debts for beer would be highly desirable, as it appears from the testimony of the Judges of several of the County Courts, that the fecility of recovering ale scores in those Courts has tended to the increase of drunkenness. John Barleycorn will have to gird up his loins for a tough contest; to *beer* or not to *beer* is the momentous question at present.

The visit of the Grand Duke Constantine to the Queen was not a very prolonged one. The whole extent of its duration was not more than twenty-four hours. His Imperial Highness arrived at Osborn on the 30th ult., in the royal yacht Osborn. The Imperial vistor was saluted on the arrival of the yacht off Cowes by the American steam frigate Susquehana which had arrived there from the Mediterranean for the purpose of assisting the Niagara in laying down the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. Arrived at Osborn, Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge and the Russian Ambassador were in readiness to receive the Grand Duke. Prince Albert went on board and welcomed his Imperial Highness. When the Duke landed the 93d Highlanders, who repulsed the Russian Cavalry charge at Balaklava, were drawn out as a guard of honor. The Duke dined with her Majesty at Osborne, and on Sunday afternoon he went out for a short cruize on the Victoria and Albert yacht, and was accompanied by Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge. At twenty minutes past five, on Monday morning, the Grand Duke set sail, and his departure was signalized by a salute of twenty-one guns from the royal yacht squadron battery at Cowes. The Grand Duke also rushed through Belgium in a terrible hurry.

The great event of the past week, however, was the "Derby." The number of persons present on the occasion is computed at 100.000. The gentlemen belonging to a fraternity familiarly styled the Swell Mob did not neglect to profit by such a golden opportunity as it afforded them for repairing their fallen fortunes by clandestine transfers of property. Gold and silver watches changed proprietors in an astonishing manner. Field Turfers were relieved of checks and bank bills with great dexterity. One gentleman standing near the winning post found that it was a losing sport, for 160 pounds in gold and notes disappeared from his pocket.

Accounts of the crops in Ireland are of the most favorable description, and there is every prospect of an average if not an abundant harvest.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Affairs in Belgium.—The Incitors of the Disturbances.—System of Administering Charity in Belgium.—The Proposed Modifications.—Incidents of the Riot.—Prorogation of the Chambers.—What the Univers *thinks of that Measure.—Struggle for the Proprietorship of the* Univers.—M. Veuillot.—M. de Montalembert.—*Miscellaneous.*

Paris, 4th June, 1857.

It seems that under the most enlightened institutions and the freest and most paternal governments, there always exists a factious and malcontent minority who, unworthy of the liberty they enjoy, unfit to use the rights they are endowed with, ignorant of their duties towards the State and towards their fellow-citizens, actuated only by selfishness, and hearkening only to their bad passions, insult and assault their fellow-citizens, disturb the public order, trample on and contemn the law when it interferes with their interests, or comes into collision with their prejudices. Such men are an ever open sore on the body politic. For them, liberty is the indulgence of their prejudices, and tyranny, the repression of their passions. Their achievements are written on the most disastrous pages of the history of human freedom.

The recent deplorable excesses by which the lawless adherents of an insignificant minority in the Belgium Chamber of Representatives, thought to deter the majority, the exponents of the opinion of the country, from sustaining their convictions, have been unanimously and severely reprehended by the Belgian Press, even by those of its members, by whose scurrilous and inflammatory language, those disgraceful demonstrations were provoked. Some would have us believe that the acts of disorder were spontaneous on the part of those who committed them, but I have, at this moment, before me an article, published in a self-styled Republican sheet of Brussels, which would disgrace the most blatant roarer of Exeter Hall. In that article which appeared a few days before the commencement of the disturbances, a *superb explosion* is announced, the time for *half-measures* is declared to be past, and the *people* are called upon to promulgate immediately their decrees. The first of these decrees is to be the packing or embarrelling of Catholicism, and the sending of it as a cargo to the chiefs of the race of ourang-outangs, that they may accustom their subjects to *a life of obedience*, to believe in the infallibility of the Pope, and in the virtues of the Capucins, Beguins, and Nuns! Those men who call themselves Republicans may, after having raised the tumult, hide in their houses and deny their participation in it, but they would give proof of having, at least, *one* quality had they gone into the streets and thrown stones with their dupes.

The motive of the excitement was a law concerning charitable institutions, which after a debate of nearly six weeks, was adopted in principle by the government. As some of your readers may not be acquainted with the present system of managing benevolent institutions in Belgium, I shall say a few words with regard to it. Since 1830 the administration of charity has been wholly in the hands of the civil power. Members of the clergy and religious confraternities, are by law debarred from receiving donations for distribution among the poor, as well as from giving alms. The distribution of charity is a department of the government, and is effected by the *bureaux de bienfaisance*. All donations made to religious societies are, therefore, null and void, and no matter to whose care they may have been committed for distribution among the poor, they must pass into the hands of the functionaries, charged with the administration of charity, who alone have the right to receive and to dispose of them.

The law before the Chamber proposed to modify this system in two important points. It gave to the government the right to grant to religious societies, by a simple decree, the quality of individual citizens, with all the rights appertaining to it—the right of possession, of inheritance, and of reception of donations and legacies bequeathed to them. The second modification gave to all persons wishing to leave property to the poor, the right of choosing and appointing special executors for the estates or moneys left for such purpose. These are the changes which excited such a violent opposition on the part of the minority.

During the debate of the 28th, the conduct of some of the adversaries of the law, who occupied a portion of the seats allotted to the public, obliged the President of the Chamber to have those seats vacated. At the termination of the sitting a crowd collected outside the Palais de la Nation, for the purpose of hailing the Representatives with groans or cheers, according as they were or were not of the opinion of the mob. Among the first who came forth from the Palais was his Eminence, Monsignor Gonnella—the Papal Nuncio. His Eminence, according to certain statements, was mistaken for an obnoxious member of the *Droite*, or majority, and was received with loud cries. Monsignor immediately returned to the Palais, and soon came forth accompanied by M. Vilain XIV., Minister for Foreign Affairs. The crowd separated to give passage to his Eminence, and many took off their hats. In half an hour after the occurrence, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in his official costume, called upon the Cardinal, and offered an apology for the affair. A superior officer was subsequently delegated by King Leopold to express to the Nuncio his Majesty's regret at the occurrence. After the demonstration in front of the Palais, the mob, composed for the most part of youths, with a few students, and a number of scavengers brandishing their brooms, marched through the streets, crying: "*A bas les Couvents!*" and proceeded to the Convents of the Capucins, and the Jesuits, and the office of the *Emancipation*. No longer confining themselves to shouts and groans, they threw stones against those buildings, and broke most of the windows, until they were at length dispersed by the police. In the evening the same violence was renewed before the two convents, the offices of the *Journal de Bruxelles* and the *Emancipation*. The dwelling house of the proprietor of this latter journal suffered severely, as the neighborhood of a building in course of erection furnished the mob an opportunity of procuring plenty of missiles. The rioters next visited the house of one of the ministers, but confined themselves to vocal violence. Another attack having been commenced towards night, the Burgomaster issued a proclamation forbidding the assembling on the public way of groups of more than five persons. The Civic Guard was called out and several arrests were made. The troops were summoned from the adjoining towns, a battery of light artillery was stationed in front of the Palais de la Nation, and on the evening of the 31st, the tranquillity was only interrupted by the occasional cry of: "A bas les Couvents!" uttered by some flying group of vagrant boys. The leaders of the riot were arrested and handed over to the Procureur du Roi. In view of the disturbances which had been caused in Antwerp, Liege, Mons, Namur, &c., by the worthy rivals of the Brussels rioters, two classes of the militia have been put under arms. The government has ordered a valuation of the damage done to property during the riots, as according to the law the Communes are obliged to pay the amount of it.

A most extraordinary statement has been made in some of the journals, and has, naturally enough, been taken up by the British sheets, namely, that the *bourgeoisie* and the students were the sole movers in this disgraceful affair, and that the tradesmen had nothing to do with it. Nothing can be truer than that the tradesmen of Brussels, who are not surpassed in intelligence by the working class of any city in the world, had neither act nor part in these shameful proceedings. But the idea that it was the work of the *bourgeoisie* is in the highest degree absurd. No one will believe that the enlightened commercial community of a city like the Belgian capital, howl and groan in the streets, throw stones, break windows and insult women whose lives are consecrated to God and to charity, like the Sisters of the Poor, and other religious who have been the objects of the rabble's insolence in the streets of Brussels. Nor is it fair to stigmatize the whole body of students, because some of its reckless or libertine members have figured in these scenes. No, the manifestation, incited by dangerous sheets and the furious declamations of the *Gauche*, emanated from a crowd of headlong and inexperienced youths of dubious classes, with an unworthy student or two, a couple of dry goods clerks, reinforced by the dregs of the population, which are always ready to join any side in all popular outbreaks.

In consequence of the existing excitement the King has resorted to the privilege of adjourning the Senate and Chamber, which is granted to him by the Constitution. This merely postpones for a short time the Solution of the question as the term of adjournment is limited to one month.

The *Univers* regards the alternative adopted by the King as a concession to sedition and indignantly asks if the rights of a majority representing the mass of the country are to be sacrificed to the audacious menaces of a lawless mob. The *Precursor* of Antwerp attributes the measure to the visit of the Grand Duke Constantine as it would be painful to the King to witness the continuation of such scenes during the Grand Duke's visit.

Having mentioned the *Univers* reminds me that a very lively struggle is going on for the property of that Journal. The charter of the shareholders has just expired, and M. Taconnet, the agent of the association, desiring to become sole proprietor of the paper, offers the shareholders 25 per cent. on their shares. One of the former editors of the *Univers*, M. Jules Gondon, a writer well known by his articles on the relations between England and Naples, disputes the prize. M. Gondon has obtained funds to a large amount, and has the patronage of several bishops and Catholics distinguished by their names, talent and services. He offers to associate the old shareholders with him in his enterprise, to accept his former *collaborateurs*, M. Louis Veuillot among the number. But, in that case, M. Veuillot could not direct the journal according to his own ideas, and it is with the object of giving the celebrated writer entire control of the columns of the paper that M. Taconnet desires to purchase it. I have not, as yet, been able to learn the issue of the affair.

The recent number of the *Correspondant* has just appeared, and publishes on its first page the warning given to it and to M. de Montalembert for an article—the case of the Bishop of Moulins. The number contains the last of the sermons preached at Toulouse, by the well-known and eloquent orator, the Rev. Pere Lacordaire.

The report that M. de Montalembert was suffering from a severe sickness is inexact. The illustrious orator enjoys excellent health. He has just issued his circular to the electors of Besancon. It is stated that the government has named as candidate in opposition to M. de Montalembert the Duke de Conegliano. It is not likely that the Duke will be able to dispute the representation of Besancon with the Count. M. de Montalembert is revered throughout the entire *Franche Comte*. We shall soon know all about it, however, as the elections take place on the 21st.

During the past few years several new bishoprics have been created and bishoprics made archbishoprics. The diocese of Rennes is, it is said, about to undergo a transformation of the latter description.

The Archbishop of Cambray has returned to his diocese after a sojourn in the Eternal City.

By an Imperial decree of the 29th May, the Abbe Charlier, founder of the Bethlehem Orphan Asylum of Reims, has been appointed a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

The *Gazette de Lyon* announce the departure from that city of five missionaries of the Order of Saint Francis de Sales and four Sisters of St. Joseph for the Mission of Visagapatam in the East Indies. One of them, M. Lavorel, has already spent ten years there and almost lost his sight. He came to Europe last year to try if a cure were not possible, but it being declared beyond their art by the first physicians, the devoted missionary sets out again for the scene of his holy labors.

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John McLeod Murphy.—The mechanics and workmen of the Navy Yard presented the above-named gentleman with an exceedingly handsome service of plate, together with a gold watch and chain, at Niblo's saloon, A large number of persons were present. The Hon. John Kelly, Member of Congress from this city, was selected to present Mr. Murphy with this testimonial of appreciation, with which he complied, accompanying the gifts with some appropriate remarks of his own, which were well received. Mr. Murphy responded, and acknowledged his obligation for the honor conferred upon him, and thanked those assembled for their estimation of him and of his services.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

A series of articles has been afloat lately, on the decline of the Irish language, and of its utter extinction and disappearance altogether before long. Those who glory in the destruction of this venerable dialect are not likely to have their wishes gratified as readily as they imagine. The story of its extinction originated in some of the English papers, from whence it has been copied extensively by the rest, as well as by many newspapers in the United States enjoying an enlarged circulation. The following statistics, however, derived from an intelligent and reliable source make manifest the true state of the language, its evident advancement in schools and colleges, and prove to those who put on record the story of its decline, whether intentionally or otherwise, how egregiously they have been deceived:

If we glance at the varying history of Irish population, as laid down by Petty and Newenham, and in the report of the last census we find that at periods when the great mass of our people was more unmixed and less affected by foreign influx and influences, the Irish speaking population of Ireland was numerically far under what it is at the present day in its so-called moribund state.

In 1672, and again in 1695, the whole population was computed at 1,100,000, and in 1731 it had increased to 2,011,219. Calculating the number of those who used the Irish as their ordinary language, at two-thirds of the whole community, we have for the year 1672 a total of Irish at 733,332, and for the year 1731, a total of 1,340,808, whilst the census of 1851 gives us a gross return of 1,524,286, that is an Irish speaking population more than double that of the reign of Charles the Second, when Irish was the tongue of the majority of the nation. Since then this language has outgrown the narrow limits of our Island. By the facilities of international intercourse and of immigration from those shores to England and Scotland, the colonies, and the United States, more Irish may be now heard spoken in the great manufacturing and commercial cities of Glasgow and Liverpool, of New York and Boston, nay, even at the Antipodes, than in Waterford or Londonderry. We are safe in saying that there is more of this tongue spoken at the present day in the capital of Great Britain than in that of Ireland. We have known many persons, born in the very heart of London, who spoke it as their mother language, improved it may be, in the pronunciation by some small edition of the Cockney *accent*. In Scotland its prevalence is less to be wondered at. In Western and Highland Scotia, the *Erse* (Irish) has been the national tongue since the time when Fergus MacErc peopled that country from Ireland. And the stream of intercourse from the parent Scotia (Major) has been actively kept up to the present day. An Irish population of 80,000 in Glasgow alone may be supposed to afford a considerable proportion of those whose daily phraseology would sound as native to the same Fergus or his parent Erc. In Tasmania and the gold fields, whether of Australia or California, in fact, from the rising to the setting of the sun, and wheresoever the "meteor flag of England" waves, the descendants of the Green Isle remember and give utterance to their thoughts in their ancestral language. We are, therefore, within the strict limits of truth in asserting that a *larger* number of human beings use, at the present day, the time-honored Celtic dialect of Ireland than at any former period—certainly within the last three hundred years. At the commencement of the present century, there were not, probably, two hundred persons who could read and write in this language; whereas now, this class numbers several thousands. Later still, the scholars were few who could translate and elucidate the contents of our ancient MSS., but by the united zeal and efforts of two individuals (Owen Connellan and John O'Donovan) at the Royal Irish Academy Library, the door has been unlocked which led to the mysteries of our venerable manuscript records, and through their instruction, and by means of their established works, many have since become efficient scholars in the antiquated language of the seventh and eight centuries. The peculiarly favorable positions occupied by those learned gentlemen, one being employed as Irish Historiographer by the reigning sovereign, and the other on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, gave them advantages of study, and means of communicating the vast stories of information which they had thereby acquired, and thus through their instruction and literary publications many others have since become efficient scholars, and profoundly versed in our ancient manuscript remains. The impulse thus given to the study of Irish has been most materially beneficial to its extension and culture, and has had a marked and visible influence in its favor on the national taste and general tone of Irish Society. What before was branded with the stamp of vulgarity, now finds acceptance as an interesting means of knowledge and literary inquiry. Its revival as a learned language for the purpose of historical research, as well as of a medium of instruction and intercourse, has become a necessity. The prejudices which once were arrayed against its cultivation and use have been gradually weakening, and the advantages of its cultivation, at least as a literary language, are becoming recognized. A similar movement in its favor sprang up in America, where a demand has been created for books and manuscripts, which a few years back could not be anticipated, or the possibility of which would be regarded with contemptuous incredulity. No longer is it a reproach to an Irishman to speak or to understand his native tongue. On the contrary it is now deemed a commendable accomplishment to converse, read, and write in it. Time was when it was *Tabooed* within the walls of our collegiate and educational establishments. Now, Professorships for its cultivation have been founded in Trinity College (where, since the days of Usher, it had been held under ban); in Maynooth, in the Catholic University, and in the Queen's Colleges. At the present time many of our ecclesiastical dignitaries, like the venerated Archbishop MacHale, our most distinguished Fellows and Professors of our Universities, have acquired names or added to their literary distinctions by their labors as Translators, Editors, and Authors of Irish works. On the Continent some of the ablest philosophers, as Zeus, Pictet, &c., have become enthusiastic students of a tongue once spoken in the banks of the Guadalquiver, the Rhine, and the Danube. The publication of the Irish Archæological, the Celtic and Ossianic Societies have powerfully aided in the auspicious movement. But how small the proportion of our old writings have been rescued from obscurity or rather oblivion by these useful bodies in comparison with the thousands of MSS still locked up and concealed beneath accumulated dust in the libraries of Great Britain ard Ireland, of France, Belgium, Spain and Italy, awaiting the wished-for time of their publication, translation and elucidation—the majority of these being still unknown even by name to the learned.

The assistance of an enlightened and fostering government is needed to rescue such remains from their state of uselessness, and we are now but beginning to see a prospect of that coming dawn, which we have been anxiously hoping for. The indications have already appeared in the grant made in 1852 for the collecting, translating and publishing our Brehon laws—a work of the highest utility and value, impatiently looked for, but too slow in its forthcoming, delayed, it would seem to us, by injudiciously confining the labor of its preparation to only *two* of our Celtic scholars, instead of distributing it amongst several, and thereby expediting, within a reasonable period, this great code, and enabling the scholars and students of the present time, to participate in those literary benefits, now, it would seem, only reserved for posterity.

Going to Europe.—The exodus of men, women, children, and dollars, to Europe this season, is without precedent. For this month and the next all the steamers will make money. There are about fourteen lines of steamers now crossing the Atlantic, making the enormous number of 586 trips across the ocean in the course of the year, or but little less than two steamers per day. Indeed a regular daily line to Europe is now confidently spoken of.

The habit of spending the summer months in Europe is to be commended—in the case of those persons whose means can afford the luxury. Four months in Europe, in the present day of swift railway and steamer travel, enable an American to see England, France, Germany, Switzerland and part of Italy; the trip, for a single individual, would not cost over $800, and a married pair can make it for $2,000, and bring home boxes full of memorials of the journey, and the latest Paris fashions and *bijoux*. It can of course be performed for considerably less if economy be an object.

When common sense becomes more generally diffused, our rich and fashionable people will invariably desert Saratoga and Newport for Europe; and thus save their money and their morals, improve their mind, refine their manners, and bring home something that shall be useful to themselves and the country.—*Herald*.

The students of Trinity College, Dublin, contemplate shortly publishing a literary Magazine of their own. Could its projectors only succeed in rising above the mist of intolerance and bigotry which have enveloped the above institution since the days of its foundation, there is little doubt but that they possess talent and ability fully sufficient to fit them for any literary enterprise. Confined, however, to a narrow basis, their greatest efforts must necessarily prove abortive.

Two eminent lecturers purpose visiting the United States shortly, one of them a countryman of our own, William Howard Russell, better known as the Crimean Correspondent of the London *Times* during the late war. The other is Mr. Samuel Carters Hall, Editor of the *Art Journal*, and the husband of Mrs. S. C. Hall, the well-known delineator of Irish scenery and manners.

The City Inspector reports 334 deaths during the past week—a decrease of 19, as compared with the returns of the week previous.

A new theatre is shortly to be erected near Broadway, by a very successful manager, recently attached to a daily journal.

CITY NEWS.

Conflict between Mayor Wood and the New Board.—We have had a particularly lively time of it in this city for a week past. After a long interval of special pleading and political sparring on both sides, open hostilities at length broke out on Tuesday, the 16th inst., between his Honor the Mayor and the new Board of Commissioners. The death of Joseph S. Taylor, late Street Commissioner, whose demise we noticed in our last, precipitated the conflict. On the death of the above-named individual, and before his remains were well nigh cold, Governor King appointed a certain Mr. Daniel D. Conover to the office of Street Commissioner. This appointment was distasteful to Mayor Wood, who, on his part, appointed Mr. Charles Devlin to the office. Mr. Conover proceeded, in virtue of his appointment, to assume possession of the Commissioner's office, but this he was unable to effect, and he was forcibly ejected from his desk. This occurred on Monday. He returned on Tuesday and renewed his application for admittance, but was debarred from entering within the precincts of the office. After these proceedings, owing to the following circumstance, the scene was transferred to the City Hall, the Mayor's office, and to the office of the new Board of Commissioners, No. 88 White street. Mr. Conover, after his ejectment, was heard to boast, that when he returned next it would be at the head of one hundred and fifty men. In consequence of this threat, the Mayor issued directions to the Chief of Police to be on the alert, and accordingly that official assembled a force [of five hundred men for the purpose of defending the City Hall. This was about midday. A variety of rumors were afloat by this time. One was to the effect that Governor King would make his appearance in person, and at the head of the military enforce the claims of Mr. Conover; another, and one which proved correct, was, that the Commissioners had collected a force at their headquarters with the intention of attacking the Hall. No sooner was this latter move on the part of the Commissioners made apparent, than the Mayor issued the following requisition, directed to General Sandford:

Mayor's Office, New York, June 16, 1857.

Sir:—You will please hold the militia under your command in readiness to protect the city in case of riot, subject to my orders.

Very respectfully,

Fernando Wood, Mayor.

Gen. C. W. Sandford.

Shortly after two o'clock, Captain Walling applied for admission to the Mayor's office; he was admitted, and stated to Mayor Wood that he had a warrant for his arrest. The Mayor replied, telling Walling he was no officer, he being dismissed long previous, and concluding by ordering him to leave the office. With this latter hint, the Captain seemed in no hurry to comply, which Officer Deutcher observing, helped him quickly to a compliance by means of a summary ejectment. This brought on the conflict. The Captain repulsed, but not intimidated, hurried back to White street, reported progress, and a force of fifty men were dispatched to the City Hall for the purpose of enforcing an entry and "dragging old Wood," as one of the parties was heard to express it, "out of his hole."

Meanwhile the City Hall was put in a state of defence and fortified at every point, so that by the time Lieutenant Seabring, at the head of his valorous fifty, appeared in sight, the defensive arrangements were all perfected. The battle commenced immediately and soon terminated as the generality of encounters between veterans and raw levies. The "fifty" were thrown into confusion, routed and pursued, while the mob, cognizant of the side to which victory had inclined, joined in the pursuit, and evinced their adhesion to the conquerors by the prodigality with which they dealt their blows on the unhappy vanquished, many of whom were captured, while the residue made their way back to the Recorder's office, bruised and disfigured, evincing by their shattered appearance, the sanguinary nature of the conflict from which they had made good their retreat.

The above is a brief narrative of this strange business in as few words and short space as we can detail it. We hesitate not in giving it as our opinion that Governor King has acted hastily and unwisely in this matter; first, by his inordinate haste in making the appointment; and, secondly, by the appointment itself. He should at least have spared himself the trouble of appointing an avowed partizan. The family of Governor King have been, as politicians, particularly unfortunate to their party. It will be recollected that Rufus King, father to the Governor, was American Ambassador at the Court of London during the stormy period of 1798, and that it was the narrow and ungenerous policy enacted by him towards the Emmetts, McNevins, Sampsons, and other distinguished Irish gentlemen of that day, first induced their countrymen to array themselves in open opposition to the Whig party. This circumstance may not be generally known, but it is the case.

Considering the disorganized state of things, the city has been unusually quiet since Tuesday. The rival parties have betaken themselves to law, and on Thursday no less than ten warrants were issued against the Mayor, at the instance of policemen wounded in the affair of Tuesday. Mr. Conover has not been idle, but has issued a brace of warrants against him on the score of riotous assaults. His Honor was held to bail on each of the above ten charges, in the sum of five thousand dollars each, and also for a like sum on both the latter warrants.

The Court of Appeals in Albany were busily engaged on the constitutionality of the new law. Arguments of counsel on both sides were brought to a close on Thursday. It is expected the judges will render a decision in the course of a week from the time of closing the arguments.

Fillibuster William Walker.—This notorious adventurer is actually in town. He arrived here on Tuesday evening, 16th inst., shortly after eight o'clock, P.M., in the midst of a pelting shower of rain and the bustle and excitement occasioned by the conflict between the city authorities. To say his entry was unattended by a crowd would be untrue. Numbers were present, but they were mainly those whose absence, to use the words of a contemporary, "is never to be regretted from any place." Others, urged by a spirit of curiosity, hastened towards the Park, where a stand was erected, and their curiosity gratified by a sight of the individual himself, but not one man of respectability was seen to participate in the reception,—not even the politicians. On arriving at the Park, Captain John Creighton addressed himself to the clamorous crowd. The Captain endeavored to obtain a hearing, but without effect. The statue of George Washington, close at hand, appeared just as likely to feel the influence of his oratory as the heterogeneous and clamorous mass which swayed before the platform. We have said that the Captain essayed to speak. He did so, but without effect, and the words—Feller citizens! Feller citizens! If these who cry order will only keep order, we will soon have order! Feller citizens, give me your attention for one minute! I will not make a long-winded speech! These were the only sentences audible, while the pittiless storm driving faster and faster operated on the chivalrous Walker in the same manner as the Costa Ricans, by compelling him to make a hasty retreat.

The *general* came on the ground prepared with a long speech, which it is unnecessary to say he did not deliver, but allowed to repose in undisturbed tranquillity in his pocket. From that time to the present he has been passing the time in divers ways. On the evening of Thursday he went to Wallack's Theatre, where he made a speech, in the course of which he attempted to assimilate a noble act of sisterly devotion of which we have scarce a parallel in history with his own brutal and murderous career.

The Meat Market.—There was but a limited number of cattle offered for sale last market day—some 659 less than the week before. This deficiency, however, did not create an advance in prices. Buyers refused giving more than the previous week, well knowing their customers would decline purchasing at an advance. Prices therefore remained steady at about thirteen cents a pound, but no further decline is expected though earnestly desired by consumers.

On Saturday last Mr. Ygnarica Ceespo, who arrived here from Havana in the steamship Black Warrior, died suddenly at the New York Hotel, where he was stopping with his family. The deceased was sixty years of age and a native of Havana. His remains have been embalmed by the request of his family, and will be transferred to his native place for interment. He was very wealthy, having a fortune of over $2,000,000.

Governor King will be in town on the 4th of July, when he will review the First Division of the New York State Militia.

THE FILLIBUSTER'S OVATION.

The Walker reception was just what it should have been. Not a person participated in it who could give it or the hero of it consequence; the more prominent city politicians who were holding sympathizing meetings for the discomfitted fillibuster during the spring, did not dare to countenance it; it was officered, manned, and addressed exclusively by men who had nothing to lose by the association. His immediate audience, consisting mainly of a class of *vaut riens* whom curiosity had brought to the Park, and whose absence from any place is never regretted, was providentially dispersed by a heavy shower before the Ex-President had a chance to deliver more than a dozen lines of the blasphemous apology for his conduct which he is reported to have prepared for the occasion. His admirers got a good washing, however, which they needed much more than speeches, and the hero of many retreats retired at an early hour, with his undelivered speech in his pocket and an umbrella over his head, to the St. Nicholas Hotel, a wetter, if not a better man.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

RISING IN THE WORLD.—You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessity of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason have we, then, to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or to them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upwards is steep and long, to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence, in the present parent, lay the foundation of a rise, under more favorable circumstances, for the children. The children of these take another rise, and by-and-by the descendants of the present laborer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world; and the propensity to make such an attempt has been cherished and encouraged by the strange projects that we have witnessed of late years for making the laborers virtuous and happy by giving them what is called education. The education which I speak of consists in bringing children up to labor with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to teach them to do all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptations to get at the goods of others by violent or fraudulent means.—*William Cobbett.*

MRS. CATHERINE (FORREST) SINCLAIR.—We learn that this celebrated lady, who is now in England, is about to give to the world a work on America and the Americans. As to Americans, the book ought to be interesting, for we believe that she has seen a great deal of a great many of them.—*Albany Argus.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

COFFEE—Rio is quiet but firm, as are also most other kinds. The stock of Rio is 61,704 bags.

CANDLES—Adamantine are in moderate request at steady rates; sales 4,000 boxes Staten Island at 24c., 4 mos. Sperm and Patent are in fair demand at 42c. and 52c.; sales of 200 boxes.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Western Canal Flour is less active; and the lower grades of superfine and extras are 10@15c. lower and the tendency still downward at the close; the better grades are well held and are in fair request for the local trade.

FISH—Dry Cod are steady, with only a moderate inquiry; sales of 1,000 qtls. George's Bank at $4. Mackerel are dull and heavy.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is dull, and prices are much lower, and closed nominal; the sales are only 6,000 bushels White Canadian at $1 95. Rye is inactive and heavy at $1 25@$1 30. Barley and Barley Malt are quiet, prices are nominal. Oats offered with more freedom, and prices are lower; sales of State and Canadian at 54@62c., and 63@65c. for Western.

HAY—The supply is fair and the demand moderate.

MOLASSES continues neglected and nominal; 15 hhds. English Islands sold at 53c.

NAVAL STORES—Spirits Turpentine continues irregular, and is again lower; sales of 90 bbls. at 44c., 60 days, adding interest, which is an inside rate. Crude is quiet, but the stock is quite small, and prices rule firmly. Common Rosin, under the influence of the foreign news, is less buoyant; the stock, however, is very light, and, in the absence of sales, we cannot quote any material change; the medium and fine grades are steady and in moderate request.

PROVISIONS—The inquiry for Pork is quite moderate, and Mess is 5c. lower, with few sellers, however, at the decline. Prime is firmly held, and is not plentiful; the sales are 500 bbls. at $19 20@$19 25 for Prime; $20 for Prime Mess; $22 50 for sour Mess; $23 30@$23 35 for Mess, and $25 50@$26 for Clear. Beef is in fair demand, and is firmly held; the receipts are fair, and the stock has not diminished very rapidly this month; sales of 550 bbls. at $14@$15 for Country Mess; $16@$17 for repacked Western Mess, and $17 50@$18 for extra Chicago and Cleveland; Prime Mess is quiet at $28@$31. Beef Hams are dull and heavy at $23@$23 25. Bacon is very quiet at 13@13½c. for Western smoked. Butter is in moderate request, and is more plenty; sales of Ohio at 17@21c. and State 18@22c. Cheese is heavy and abundant at 6@10½c.

RICE—The market is quiet, prices are sustained; the stock of prime continues small; sales of 120 tcs. at 5½@5¾c., as to quality.

SUGAR—The market has declined ¼c., and sales to the extent of 600 hhds. (including a cargo of English Islands at 9¾c.) have transpired at 9¾@10c.—half Cuba.

TEAS—The high prices demanded materially restrict transactions; there is however something doing and the trade are disposed to purchase.

TOBACCO is quiet; sales of 62 bales Havana at 40@50c.; 50 bales Cuba at 24c.; 114 cases Seedleaf at 15½c.

TALLOW—The market is firm and the demand fair; sales of 100,000 lbs. prime City at 11¾c. packages, extra.

WHISKEY—The market is lower; at the decline the demand is more active; sales of 400 bbls. Ohio and Prison at 33@34c.—the latter price for small lots.

EDUCATION.

A. M. D. G.

COLLEGE OF HOLY CROSS,

WORCESTER, MASS.

THIS College, founded and placed by the Right Reverend BENEDICT JOSEPH FENWICK, Bishop of Boston, under the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, beautifully situated on the heights of Worcester, commands a full view of the city and surrounding country, and is distinguished for its remarkably healthy air, and abundant supply of good water. A farm of ninety-six acres is attached to the College.

The plan of education is desired to prepare young men for an ecclesiastical, professional, or commercial state of life.

Age of admission, from nine to fifteen years. No student admitted for a less term than six months, and no deduction made, if removed before the term expires.

Terms:

The pension for the scholastic year, for Tuition, Board, and Lodging, Washing and Mending, Linen and Stockings, is - - - - - - $150 00
For Half-Boarders, - - - - - - 100 00
For Day-Boarders, - - - - - - 50 00
Use of Philosophical Instruments, - - - - 10 00
Graduation Fees, - - - - - - 10 00
For such Students as may spend their vacations at the College, an extra charge will be made, of - - - - - - - - - 20 00

The following items are extra charges: the German, Spanish, and Italian languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, Fencing, and Medical attendance.

All charges must be paid half yearly in *advance*. Should any defer for the space of *one month* to pay in advance, the President of the College is directed to remove their sons or wards from the Institution.

No advance for clothing or other expenses will be made by the College, unless a deposit be left with the Treasurer for the purpose.

Every student must be provided with the uniform, namely: black frock coat or jacket, white pantaloons and vest in Summer, blue pantaloons and dark vest in Winter. No student is to visit out of the College without his uniform. All must be provided with two suits for daily wear, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six handkerchiefs, three pairs of shoes or boots, great coat or cloak. Each student must also be provided with a silver spoon.

Regular accounts of board, tuition, will be sent every six months in advance. It is earnestly requested that immediate remittances be made to the full amount.

PETER J. BLENKINSOP, S.J.,
President.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is - - - - - $150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin - - - - 125
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra - - - - - - - - 15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 20
Music, per annum - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 40
Use of Piano, per annum - - - - - - - - - - - 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.
nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity.

THIS INSTITUTION, the object of which is to give young girls of the middle and poorer classes an opportunity of receiving an education to fit them thoroughly to fulfil the duties of the station in which Divine Providence has placed them, opened on the 24th of November, 1856, under the special protection of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In order to give the Pupils under their charge the full advantage of an English education, to instruct them in the duties of their Holy Faith, and, above all, to guard them under the eye of religion during the most critical period of life—from twelve to eighteen—as well as to teach them the different female trades, such as Manutuamaking, Plain Sewing, Tailoring, Making Flowers, Vestments for the Church, Embroidering, the Use of the Sewing Machine, &c., the Sisters propose generally to keep them under instruction for three years, with an entrance fee of fifty dollars.

No charge will be made to Day Scholars if they attend three years. But three dollars a quarter will be charged to those who enter the School for a shorter time.

Boarders wishing to remain in the Establishment only one year will pay fifty dollars.

For particulars apply at the Institution, No. 75 East Seventh street. mar21 tf

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

By P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Stages leave railroad at Newark for Belleville, 3 miles off, at 9½ A. M., and 4½ P. M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation.
(Signed,) J. HOGAN
ap11 3m Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance. A few Boarders can be admitted.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.
oct18 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

EDUCATION.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " " " 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
n6 3m *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

SHIPPING.

WILLIAMS & GUION'S OLD BLACK STAR LINE OF PACKETS.

1857.

PASSAGE FROM ANY PART OF GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND secured, at the lowest possible rates by the old established line, sailing from Liverpool for New York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonnage*
ATMOSPHERE,	Pray,	2,000
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BELLE WOOD,	Tucker,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CITY OF MOBILE,	Marshall,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Doliard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodlies,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN WRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hadley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,000
NEW SHIP,	Freeman,	2,800
OWEGO,	Stevens,	1,000
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,540
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,700
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The Ships of this Line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any other Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the Proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular sailing days are 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunities for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

Remittances.

Persons wishing to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland.—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland.—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England.—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co., Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter, post-paid

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton Street, New York.
GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

Agents.—JNO. WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany St., Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN LYONS, Cohoes, N. Y.
T. O'HEA CANTILLON, Dubuque, Iowa.

TAPSCOTT & CO.'S

General Emigration and Foreign Exchange Office,

No. 86 South Street, New York,

AGENTS FOR

TAPSCOTT'S LINE LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Arrangements for 1857.

THE Subscribers will continue to issue Passage Certificates for persons coming from the Old Country for their favorite and unequalled Line of Liverpool Packets, and also for the X Line of London Packets, on the same favorable terms as heretofore; and they also draw Drafts as usual for large or small amounts, payable at sight, throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, and Germany. jan10

SHIPPING.

OLD BLACK BALL LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY,

AGENTS.

69 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Arrangements for 1857.

PERSONS desirous of sending for their friends now residing in the Old Country, can make the necessary arrangements with the Subscribers, and have them brought out by the

BLACK BALL OR OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

Sailing from Liverpool punctually on the 1st and 16th of each month, or by first class American Ships weekly.

Should those sent for decline coming out, the money will be returned to the parties here, on producing the Passage Certificate and Receipt.

The "Black Ball or Old Line of Liverpool Packets" comprise the following magnificent and fast-sailing ships:

HARVEST QUEEN (new), COLUMBIA,
ISAAC WEBB (new), FIDELIA,
GREAT WESTERN, MANHATTAN,
ISAAC WRIGHT, YORKSHIRE,
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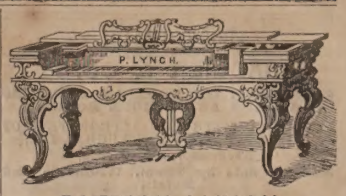

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